10615

GRATULATIO SOLENNIS
UNIVERSITATIS OXONIENSIS
OB
CELSISSIMUM GEORGIUM FRED. AUG.
WALLIÆ PRINCIPEM
GEORGIO III.
ET
CHARLOTTÆ REGINÆ
AUSPICATISSIME NATUM.

OXONII,
E TYPOGRAPHEO CLARENDONIANO.
MDCCLXII.

III
G R
HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE

AD REGEM.

MACTE novâ cum laude Parens, auguſte GEÖRGI!
Altior heroo pede nunc aſſurgere geſtit
Feſta genethliacis applaudens Muſa triumphis.
Greſſus illa tuos læto comitatur honore,
Quà tu cunque viam virtutum tramite longo
Illuſtras, impreſſa ſequens veſtigia laudum.
Illa ſacro regale caput diademate cinxit,
Auſpiciiſque tuis ſerum produxit in ævum
Delicias populi florentis, et aurea ſecla:
Illa tibi tædas accendit rite jugales,
Hymen O Hymenæe canens; et pronuba blando
Augurio æterni ſtabilivit fœdus amoris.

Jamque puerperii ſpem concinit, haud prece vanâ
Sic affata deos, queis vincla jugalia curæ;
"Nunc O fortunas gentis ſervate Britannæ!
"Naſcatur tali de rege GEÖRGIUS alter!
"Tuque fave, Lucina; tuus jam regnat Apollo."
Quod Muſæ pietas, et ſpes, et vota petebant,
En! matura dies abſolvit; et omine fauſto
Prodit, uti cœlo demiſſum lumen, in auras
Regia progenies. I, nuntia fama per urbes,
Omnis ut unanimi circumſonet Anglia plauſu,
Conſcia lætitiæ, quam ſpondent fata perennem
Pignore firmatam tali: ſic ſtirpis avitæ
Succreſcat ſoboles, dum GEORGIUS uſque ſuperſtes
Imperet, ad ſeros miſſurus ſceptra nepotes.

Fortunate parens! fas tecum templa ſubire,
Primitiaſque deo thalami ſacrare jugalis,
Et votis pro pace favens arceſſere numen.
Quæ te cunque juvant, eadem nos gaudia tangunt,
Publica materies: quin nos rape in omnia tecùm,
Atque urbis curas, et ſpem ſurgentis Iuli;
Quem non degenerem aut patriæ virtutis egentem
Arguat ulla dies. — Animis atque arte magiſtrâ
Hic opus, Ænea, teneris heroa ſub annis
Quæ ſubigat, fera corda domans, fingatque docendo.
Blanda ſuum luxu Delphinum Gallia perdat,
Fœmineoque animum doceat molleſcere cultu:
Illa ſuperſtitione ipſas contaminet aras,
Dedecoret factis Chriſti de nomine nomen:
Inſtruat illa malas fraudes, artemque nocendi;
Illa fidem violare, et publica rumpere jura
Audeat, et durâ frœnare tyrannide gentes:
Illa inhiet regnis, alienaſque occupet arces,
Impia bella ciens, nullos habitura triumphos;
Et quaſſum dubiâ formidine miſceat orbem:
Hoc velit ambitio, et regnandi dira libido.
Te vero, Angliaci proles animoſa Geörgî,
Laus diverſa manet; non tu dominabere victis
Civibus, oppreſſâ de libertate triumphans:
Nec te deliciis captum blandiſſima Syren
In nugas in damna trahet maleſuada Voluptas:
Caſta ſed inſtituet docilem cultura juventam,
Ingeniumque ſagax aptabit ad ardua rerum;
Simplicitaſque, et aperta Fides ignara dolorum,

Curaque

Curaque relligionis in altâ mente repoſta,
Illuſtret regale decus. Quin I pede fauſto,
I jam, cæleſtis quo te ſapientia ducit,
Patre pio monſtrante viam — ſic itur ad aſtra.
Imperium proferre ſuper Garamantas et Indos
Ambitio Pellæa movet: tu regna tueri,
Ulciſcique hoſtes, et marte repellere martem;
Tu regere imperiis ſecura per otia gentem,
Legibus emendans, pergas, et moribus ornans;
Tu ſervare fidem paciſque imponere morem —
Hic labor, hoc opus. O bellis invicte Geörgî,
Hæ tibi erunt artes, potiores mille triumphis.
O quando poſitis miteſcent ſecula bellis,
Et nova pacato ſurget gens aurea mundo?
Eia age, ſupremo decus hoc appone labori,
Æqua reluctantes cogens in jura tyrannos.
Sit modo certa fides, et non violabile pactæ
Fœdus amicitiæ; tali mercede redempta
Damna vel ipſa juvant, et non ſine ſanguine laurus.
Tantus amor pacis, tantæ eſt concordia curæ.
Sit felix omen! jam nunc Victoria plaudens
Naſcentis pueri cunis prætexit olivam,
Oſtenditque novos regni ſurgentis honores.
Aſpice, venturo lætentur ut omnia ſeclo;
Pax redit, innocuo comitantur gaudia luſu:
Fundit opes tellus, et pleno Copia cornu,
Et revocata Fides viget, et pulcherrima rerum
Libertas, populoque Themis dans jura volenti.
Navibus interea longinqua per æquora tutum

Præſtabit Neptunus iter, curſuſque ſecundos;
Diſſitaque apportans gemini commercia mundi
Grande dabit vectigal; et Afer et Indus uterque
Confluet ad toto diviſos orbe Britannos.

Tu tamen, O bone Rex, gentem dignare togatam
Reſpicere, et placidâ florentes pace Camœnas:
Ægide depoſitâ tua Pallas mitior artes
Excolet ingenuas; et, te duce et auſpice, magnos
Æmulus ingeniorum ardor conſurget in auſus.
Non tuba Virgilii deerit neque tibia Flacci
In laudes, Auguſte, tuas; tua plurima vati
Materiem præbet virtus, quâ nulla Theatro
Clarior accedat, neque Phœbo gratior ulla,
Quam quæ rite tuos faſtis inſcribit honores,
Pacifici celebrans victoris Muſa triumphum.

JOSEPHUS BROWNE S. T. P.
COLL. REGINÆ PRÆPOSITUS,
UNIVERSITATIS OXON. VICE-CANCELLARIUS.

PRæcipitare fugam juſſus, mandataque divûm
Deferre, æthereâ miſſus ab arce Jovis,
Aptat inauratas humeris Cyllenius alas,
Et ſolitâ nitidos inſtruit arte pedes:
Nec mora; per liquidos tractus, cœlique meatus,
Perque vias ſolis, ſidereaſque plagas,
Fertur, ubi vitreas expandit Thameſis ulnas,
Turritumque latus, navigerumque ſinum;
Miratur deus; et collectis impiger alis
Devexum prono corpore radit iter:
Principis ad teneri cunabula tendit, et omnem
Plumarum ambroſio ſpargit odore domum:
Oſtentans manibus fulgentia munera divûm,
Explicat innumeras officioſus opes.
Omnia Lemniacæ felix ſolertia dextræ
Cuderat, ornatu luxuriata novo.
Primùm aperit ſceptrum, donum regale Tonantis,
Ante oculos pueri terque quaterque rotat;
Sceptrum auro factum, exiguum, ſummâ arte politum,
Ordine gemmarum multicolore nitens.
Inde manu attollit, Neptuni inſigne, Tridentem,
Diſtinctum ſpoliis divitis Oceani:
Illum cæruleo variant conchylia fuco,
Et quæcunque imis bacca relucet aquis.
En! ſtupet, inſolitoſque ſonos puer inſcius audit,
Mercurio auratam percutiente lyram.
Hanc dederat lauroque ſua decorârat Apollo,
Et doctâ aptârat fila canora manu.
Ipſa quoque officii Pallas non immemor, haſtam
Ornabat, miris ingenioſa modis;
Pacificæ ramum ſuper incurvabat olivæ;
(Sic dea conſilio temperat arma ſuo.)

GRATULATIO

Illuſtriſſimus Princeps *Henricus* Dux de *Beaufort*,
e Coll. Oriel.

Dum puer eximiâ captatur imagine rerum,
Talibus alatus nuncius alloquitur:
" Jupiter hæc, dilecte infans, munuſcula miſit,
Digna Britannorum principe, digna Jove:
Hæc tibi ſint curæ, teneræque crepundia dextræ;
Jam diſce ætatis munia parva tuæ:
At ſimul Angliacum poteris cognoſcere nomen,
Et famam, et veterûm fortia facta virûm;
Fortunaſque ſequi magnas, moreſque parentis,
Virtutiſque vias, imperiique decus;
Diſces tanta tibi quid vellet cura deorum,
Quæque his debetur gloria muneribus:
Hinc olim poteris contundere marte Superbos,
Hinc olim placidâ pace beare Tuos."
Dixit, et expanſis diverberat æthera pennis,
Stellataſque Jovis tendit adire domos.

NAſceris alme puer, ſecli felicis origo
Naſceris, et major rerumque beatior ordo
Procedet. Longùm jam cœli exercuit ira
Ah! meritas gentes, totoque incanduit orbe:
Nec ſat erat, pavidæ naturæ a ſedibus imis
Fundamenta quati, ac magnam ingemuiſſe parentem
Urbibus everſis; undantive æquore condi
Tellurem, et ponti perferre immania monſtra:
Ipſe ſibi fit peſtis homo crudelior ultrò.
Ipſi ſe invadunt ſimulato fulmine cæci
Terrigenæ, flammiſque, nefas! ferroque coruſco
Oppida ſollicitant, et agros, Neptuniaque arva;
Et ſævum properant per mutua vulnera lethum.
Quæ regio in terris miſerorum haud oſſibus albet?
Sanguine quæ noſtro oceani non decolor unda eſt?
Quod mare, quæ tellus, quæ non et ſidera cæli
Res Britonum, et famam GEORGÎ teſtantur et arma?
Ille quidem invitâ redimitur tempora lauru
Victor, et uſque manu ramum prætendit olivæ,
Pacem optans toties dare fuſis hoſtibus æquam.
Nequicquam: donec te ſidus, amabilis infans,
Lætius indulſit mundo, voluitque paternum
Luce novâ inſignire caput; te, cujus ad ortûs
Omina felicis rabiemque iraſque reponant
Converſæ, et coeant æterna in fœdera gentes.
Ergo levabit atrox orbem Diſcordia, tortis
Anguibus excedens, Erebique adigetur ad umbras.
Tuta iterum domino parebunt arva colono,
Atque operum lætum cumulabit frugibus annus;
Securæ venient nota ad mulctralia vaccæ:
Priſca Fides, Pietaſque redux, Aſtræaque terras,
Et cruce Relligio pectus ſignata, beabunt.
Naſceris, alme puer, ſecli melioris origo.

Honoratiſſimus *Arthurus* Comes de *Angleſey*,
ex Æde Chriſti.

GRATULATIO

DUM pignus thalami jugalis almo
Charlotta in gremio fovebat, uſque
Infixis oculis, ſimul maritus
Suſpenſo ſuper halitu ſuſurrat:
"Spes ô! primitiæque caſti amoris,
Patris deliciæ, piæque matris!
Quas, Lucina, tibi boniſque divis
Gratias ago millies ſuperque!
Mihi, ſiquid adhuc licet rogare,
Dii dent, ingenui pudore vultûs
Ut matrem referat puer tenellus.
Nec mores faciles, nec abſit illa,
Quæ me ſurripuit, decora virtus."
Hæc vir — nec mora, ſe reflectit uxor
Mellitos oculos videns amoris,
Infantem ſimul ore ſuaviata:
"Dum te, Vita, tuumque dulce pignus
Amplexu teneo, deos quid ultra
Rogandum ſupereſt? Rogetur unum:
Ut, ſi fas fuerit, tenellus infans,
Quem lætis madidiſque nunc ocellis
Ludentem intueor, vigore mentis
Sit patri ſimilis; patrem virili
Sequatur ſtudio; ſit illa cordis
Severi probitas; ſit ille vultus
Jucundâ gravitate temperatus."
Hæc gaudet Venus audiens, facemque
Flammantem quatit altiùs Cupido.
Nec omen leve gaudii perennis,
Patri ſemihiantibus labellis
Puer brachia porrigit puſilla.

Honoratiſſimus Dominus *Robertus Spencer*,
Illuſtriſſimi Principis *Georgii* Ducis de *Marlborough* Frater,
ex Æde Chriſti.

Dilecta conjux cùm jaceret acribus
Transfixa jam doloribus,
Et jam remiſſi ſæpe, poſt breves moras,
Incerta ferrent nuncii,
Quot fluctuabat inter ancipites metus
Suſpenſa mens GEORGII,
Dum ſperat, optatæque nunc proli timet,
Nunc conjugi ſuaviſſimæ.
Simul recurſat indoles animo pia,
Moreſque, et ingenium placens,
Et quicquid unquam molliora tempora
Amabile aut blandum ferant.
Has inter ægritudines lætiſſimus
Repentè nuncius advolat,
Matris ſalutem filiique prædicans.
O! quale tam dulcis ſonus
Diffudit ora per paterna gaudium!
Diuque ſuavi gaudeat
Infante; curas inter arduas diu
Fruatur hoc ſolatio.
O magne præſes imperî Britannici,
Rerumque ſpes fidiſſima,
Quanquam Britanni nominis, duce te, decus
Terras per omnes diditur,
Quanquam tropæa mille ſurgant Indiæ
Ad utriuſque littora,
Non talis unquam corda tentavit priùs
Sublapſa ſenſus intimos,
Qualis voluptas aderit, ut primùm puer
Te voce patrem dixerit.

Honoratiſſimus Dominus *Edvardus Bentinck*,
Illuſtriſſimi Principis *Guilielmi* Ducis de *Portland* Frater,
ex Æde Chriſti.

GRATULATIO

O terras ubicunque colas, aut æquora ponti,
Huc refer ô placidum, Pax fugitiva, pedem!
Alma veni, Angliacos optata allabere portus,
Non terra imperio dignior ulla tuo eſt.
Libertas tibi fida comes, caſtæque Camœnæ,
Hic gaudent ſtabilem conſtituiſſe domum.
Multa tuis Britones pia thura imponimus aris,
Fundimus et querulis carmina ſparſa modis.
Traduntur ventis et ſpes et vota precantum;
Nil pietas, noſtræ nil valuere preces.
Ipſe etiam qui ſceptra tenet, licèt inclytus armis,
Georgius ipſe tuum numen abeſſe dolet.
Nec ſat victrici circumdata tempora lauru,
Nec cæſæ hoſtiles ſat placuere manus.
Scilicet infido ceſſit fiducia Gallo,
Et dolet irati numina læſa dei.
Hiſpanæ veniunt, veniunt nova præda, cohortes;
India direptas utraque luget opes.
Plus multo eſt Britonum ſtabili quod gaudet amore,
Audit quòd patriæ rexque paterque ſuæ;
Quaque ferat greſſum, ſtudiis comitantur euntem
Et læti juvenes, et, pia turba, ſenes.
Plus multo eſt, conſors ſolii Caroletta torique
Quòd prolem caſti pignus amoris habet.
At nil tanta juvat magnarum gloria rerum,
Nec puer Aſcanius, conjugiive fides,
Angliacos donec fines, Pax alma, reviſas,
Et fidi redeant in tua jura lares.
Tecum grata quies, et pleno Copia cornu,
Intrabunt notos, candida Diva, ſinus.
Nauta domum repetens gemmis decorabit Eois
Et ſponſam, et ſancti pignora cara tori:
Attonitiſque ſuis pandens miracula belli,
Oſtendet forti rapta tropæa manu.

Ergo

Ergo nec proli metuet matrona, nec ulla
Abſenti conjux diſſociata viro.
Regius Angliaci nato moderamina ſceptri,
Et regni exponet dogmata ſacra pater:
Quâ poſſit leges, quâ libera jura tueri,
Nec tamen imperii non memor eſſe ſui.
Conjugis accreſcet (ſi fas) nova gratia formæ,
Dulcius et nomen dulce parentis erit.

Honoratiſſimus Dominus *Edvardus* Baro *Leigh*,
è Coll. Oriel.

PArvule ô, cunas habitans, manuque
Cereâ, quâ mox ſolii Britanni
Sceptra vibrabis, leviora nunc cre-
pundia quaſſans;
Quem pater verſat genibus, ſinuque
Quem premit, dulci metuens ſaluti,
Anxie lætans CAROLETTA, ſalvumque
Anglia ſperat:
Queis modis, quali officio laboris
Æmulæ Muſæ tibi gratulentur;
Debiti cui jam neque mens nec ætas
Conſcia cantûs?
En! tuo adventu truculenta Mavors
Tela deponit: ſatis ô ſuperque,
Inquit, armorum: vocat ille partus
Munia pacis.

GRATULATIO

En! tuo adventu duplici renidet
Laureâ miles; dolet arva rurſum
Rapta vi Gallus, dolet ictu Iberus
Simplice victus.
Reſtat ut famâ pater artibuſque
Georgius ditet patriam volentem;
Mox tibi (at ſero) imperii gerendas
Credat habenas.
Interim rarâ docilis juventâ
Audies; dictique memor, parentis
Transferes vitam in proprios, propago
Inclyta, mores.
Te manet mille illecebris Voluptas
Perfidùm ridens, ſtudioſa fraudis;
Te ſuo captare parat veneno
Improba Circe.
Tu tamen, præcepta ſequens paterna,
Cautus et Syrtes fugies latentes,
Naufraga et præter volitabis æquo
Marmora curſu.

Honoratiſſimus Dominus *Philippus* Vice-comes *Wenman*, A. M.
e Coll. Oriel.

To the QUEEN.

ACcept, Fond Mother, for that grateful name
New luſtre to thy glory adds, accept
Theſe lays unworthy, yet aſpiring ſtill
To ſing thy worth unparallel'd, to ſing
With thee thy tender charge; and evermore
His praiſe be told, his honour mix'd with thine!
Who but with heart elate, with thankful eye,
Beheld the dawning of that glorious morn
Preſenting to our view the beauteous ſtar?
With joy, as weary mariners, we caught
The ſign propitious, certain now to reach
The port of wealth, proſperity, and peace.
O mark each virtuous parent! and declare,
What choicer bleſſing could his birth adorn,
Than to be ſent their mutual love to grace,
Sole object of their fond united care?
Far happier yet, to gain that noble claim,
That rich inheritance, great George's heart;
Thoſe virtues, which thro' all this favour'd realm
Religion's fountain pure, and the clear ſtream
Of juſtice have enlarged, whence fraught with love
His ſubjects hearts the grateful harveſt yield:
Than to be born the riſing hope, the joy
Of England thus renown'd, thus flouriſhing
Mid' the deſtruction of her vanquiſh'd foes.
Whilſt the dark frown of angry fortune's brow
All Europe elſe o'ercaſts, ſhe ſtill ſecure
Sits ſmiling on the general terror; ſtill
Submitting to her wide-ſpread yoke, new worlds
At once her clemency and power confeſs.
See to thy name, illuſtrious Monarch, ſee
A laſting honour riſe! upheld in him
Shall late poſterity thy name revere,

Thy virtue ſtill unſullied; ſtill with pride
Shall trace the boaſted lineage, and confeſs
The glorious fountain of their heart-felt joy.
And thou, ſweet prince, on whoſe laborious care
The great deſign, th' extenſive taſk depends,
O let in thee thy father's gen'rous views
Their due ſucceſs, their due reward, attain!
Warm'd with affection, as each pious tongue
Now ſpeaks thy charms of infant innocence,
So when matur'd by age thy virtues ſhed
A brighter day, may we admire and bleſs,
With joy encreas'd, the far-ſurpaſſing charms,
The nobler beauties of thy ſpotleſs heart.
Form then, Fond Mother, form the tender plant:
Let pleaſing fable to his infant mind
Convey the gen'rous precept, till in time
Unfolded reaſon ſhall thy care proclaim:
Till rip'ning into worth, the ſwelling bud
Put forth the virtuous bloſſom; ſuch as now
In thee, great princeſs, and thy much-lov'd lord,
Exulting Britain hails! ſtill may it ſpring
Unſhaken by the ſtorms of adverſe fate,
Faction, or envy, or the pois'nous breath
Of adulation, fatal foe to kings!
Still grow ſuperior to each hoſtile blaſt;
Still bloom, and with its gladſome influence bleſs,
Tho' late, a happy and a peaceful reign!

The Honourable *Brownlow North*, B. A.
Second Son of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Guildford*,
Fellow-Commoner of Trinity College.

DURA ſatis bella, et perfuſos ſanguine campos,
Armaque, et inviſæ fera mœnera militiai,
Muſa gravi dudum cecinit Mavortia plectro:
Lætior Eois hodiè ſe attollere ſolem
Proſpiciet ſaxis, quo non formoſior alter
Purpureas late ſpargens per nubila flammas
Effulſit cœlo, et nocturnas diſpulit umbras.
Venit enim, tandemque ſacro ſe oſtendit Olympo
Expectata dies; arrectaſque impulit aures
Plaudentum nova vox, et ovantis murmura vulgi,
Oppidaque inſueto circum ferventia plauſu!
Tolle caput ſocias ſupra, Brittannia, gentes,
Gens dilecta Deo! Tibi enim, Tibi naſcitur ingens
Et ſolii decus, et ſceptri tutamen aviti;
Et magno imperio aſſurgit, non degener hæres.
Si dulces pueri mores, ſi gratia formæ,
Oraque, et in tenero majeſtas regia vultu,
Non vanum augurium magnique haud irrita præbent
Signa animi, ſimili revireſcet virga metallo,
Et patris accendet puerilia pectora virtus.
Nam neque degenerem duro in certamine pugnæ,
Cum latè immiſſis fervent nemora avia telis,
Flet catulum genuiſſe leo; micat æmula virtus
Sanguineis effuſa oculis; ruit ille per arma,
Perque canes ardens direptaque retia tendit.
Ergo ubi ſera dies et te matura ſenectus
Abſtulerint terris olim, patriiſque, GEORGI,
Reddiderint cœlis; ſtabit memor ille parentis
Egregii, fidoſque idem tutabitur Anglos,
Gallorumque minas et vim contundet Iberi.

Honorabilis *Thomas Lyttelton*,
Honoratiſſimi Domini Baronis *Lyttelton* Filius unicus,
ex Æde Chriſti.

GRATULATIO

AD INSIGNEM VIRUM GUILIELMUM KING, LL. D.

AULÆ BEATÆ MARIÆ VIRGINIS PRINCIPALEM.

FEſtivos inter plauſus et vota tuorum,
Tu, venerande ſenex, frænos immitte dolori;
Nec deſiderium tangat te ſemper acerbum,
Semper honoratum FANI, neu luctus iniquus
Tam cari capitis te funere mergat eodem.
Hoc tuus ipſe, reor, multum voluiſſet, amicus
Patronuſque idem; nam cum jam regius infans
Editus in lucem patriam exhilaraſſet ovantem,
Perpetuam et ſceptri ſpem confirmaſſet aviti,
Audiit ille tuus, nigro ſub limine mortis,
Rumorem lætus; dextramque ad ſidera tendens,
"Haud inviti, inquit, ſuperas jam linquimus oras,
"Te naſcente, puer; ſat nobis viximus; hæres
"Angliaci ſceptri firmabis jura Britannis:
"Auſpice te, patrias Libertas proteget arces."
Quare age, et infenſâ jamjam obrepente ſenectâ,
Dum licet, indulge genio; reminiſcere quantum
Numinibus debent Britones, reminiſcere quantum
Ipſe ſimul debes; cui, poſt diſcrimina mille
Luctantis patriæ, nil non venale videntis,
(Dum victrix, fruſtra victrix, Provincia flevit)
Auſpiciis tandem dederunt melioribus uti,
Detectiſque dolis, retro omnia lapſa referri.
Fortunate ſenex! tibi conſpexiſſe benigni
Donarunt ſuperi, quem Wallia jactet alumnum,
Indigenam jactet quem læta Britannia regem.
Ecce tuis tandem dignata eſt alma vocari
Libertas precibus; — Rediit — redienſque, Britannis
Nil non auguſtum, nil non optabile præbet.
En! ut centenâ ſplendet victoria lauru,
Et proavis ignota, ataviſque! En, præmia dignis

Jam

Jam conceſſa iterum; curſu dum vota Britannûm
Liberiore fluunt; et tandem Muſa Patronum
Nacta incorruptum, laudatque notatque; coactos
Dedignata modos, et fictæ munera laudis.
Ante omnes dilecta tibi Rhedycina beatum
Augurium captat, mores celebratque paternos,
Regales mirans thalamos, matrona pudica,
Exemplumque ſuæ proponit amabile genti.
Ut juvat inſignes iterumque iterumque triumphos
Præſentire animo, quos olim magna reportet
Progenies, GEORGÎ dum fido pectore ſervat
Auguſti præcepta! — At me ſpinoſa morantur,
Sed jucunda ſimul, juris documenta Britanni,
Deflectuntque alio: nam quis ſalebroſa locorum
Reſpuat, atque Illo * comes ire docente recuſet,
Cui muſa, eloquii grato moderamine, legum
Enodare dedit laqueos, et pandere juſſit
Perplexos aditus, et cæca retexere fila?
Ille diu Oxoniam, tali quæ gaudet alumno,
Te ſocio, exornet; dum veſtrûm oſtendet uterque
Exemplo monitiſque ſimul, quàm dulce decenſque
Principibus placuiſſe, et propria jura tueri.

* Guil. Blackſtone, LL. D. Profeſſ. Vinerian.

Honorabilis *Thomas Fitzmaurice*,
Frater Honoratiſſimi Comitis de *Shelburne*,
ex Aulâ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis.

GRATULATIO.

To the KING.

FROM theſe calm bowers, and far-ſequeſter'd cells,
Where meek-eyed Contemplation ever dwells,
By duty call'd, and faithful to her king,
The willing muſe awakes the warbling ſtring:
Her lyre attemp'ring to the public voice,
She knows with that to grieve or to rejoice;
Now learns in plaintive melody to mourn,
And deck with pious flowers a ſovereign's urn;
Now in love's cauſe attunes the tender lay,
And hails the ſplendor of a bridal day:
Then fir'd by zeal, or by affection led
To bleſs the influence of the genial bed;
She crowns the offſpring of its pureſt flame,
And bids him riſe to virtue and to fame.

'Tis hers, great monarch, to adorn your brow,
And on true goodneſs all her wreaths beſtow;
The well-weigh'd counſels of your reign relate,
And ſnatch your actions from the jaws of fate;
To gather laurels from the field of war,
And catch the fire from glory's flaming car;
Or when Mars' trump its iron roar ſhall ceaſe,
To bind your forehead with the branch of peace.
She too, what time you quit the ſound of ſtrife
To taſte the pleaſures of domeſtic life,
Awaits to ſhed her ever-blooming bays,
And ſtrew your ſilent walk with palms of praiſe.
Nor deem it raſh, if ſhe your paths invade,
And trace your virtues to the diſtant ſhade;
Behold you there retiring from the croud
T' enſhrine your radiance in a ſhadowing cloud,
And for a while appear more mildly bright,
Shewn in a huſband's or a father's light;
Shewn in ſoft colours of each melting ſenſe,
The glowing look of love and innocence,

Th' im-

Th' impaſſion'd ſmile, the rapture-beaming eye,
And the true tear that ſtarts inſenſibly.
Thence caught, ſome influence of each tender ſcene
Shall temper all the glories of your reign;
And mingling with your frame, refine your ſoul,
Your paſſions calm, and harmonize the whole.
  But lo, what pleaſing toils your hours engage
To form a prince, and lead him up to age!
Aw'd by your precepts, by your fame inſpir'd,
And by example's living luſtre fir'd,
Shall young Iulus your known footſteps trace,
And add freſh glory to his royal race:
Be you his guide; from vice protect his fame,
And ſnatch him, trembling, from the waſteful flame;
Or may it harmleſs round his temples play,
And on his crown but caſt a brighter ray!
Thence copied, all the virtues of your line
Shall with new beauty and new ſplendor ſhine;
While from a mirror the well-nurtur'd youth
Reflects each leſſon of infuſed truth,
And ſhews that maxim rightly underſtood,
That to be great he need but to be good.
  Thus when a father's ſoul has ſhone confeſt,
And nature's fires have wak'd your inmoſt breaſt;
One care remains, nor you deſpiſe the muſe,
Nor the ſweet tuneful ſong of truth refuſe:
Should Britain call, collect each ſpark of love,
And to your country the whole flame remove;
For this be huſband, father, all things dear,
That virtue ſpread may fill a larger ſphere;
And you their common parent all will own,
While every Briton is your well-lov'd ſon.

The Honourable *Ambroſe Saint John*,
Brother of the Right Honourable Lord *Saint John* Baron of *Bletſoe*,
of Braſenoſe College.

GRATULATIO

SAlve! Connubialis Amor! Lex myſtica! De te,
Perpetuo ceu fonte, domeſtica pignora manant,
Natique fratreſque, et nexûs cura paterni,
Vinc'la, niſi extremo non diſſoluenda ſepulchro.
Tu primas formaſti urbes; hominumque, jubente
Te, liquit primùm conſortia fæda libido,
Inque cava effugit nemora, et vaga luſtra ferarum.
Nec vero tantùm congeſtum ceſpite culmen
Te juvat, aut faciles tecto ſub paupere ſomni,
Infidas exoſam urbes, dubioſque Hymenæos:
Cæſaris auſpiciis tandem licet atria regum
Purpureâ accedas pallâ, tedâque jugali.
O verè intemerata fides! et pectore in uno
Ominibus conjuncta bonis, fauſtiſque Hymenæis!
Ergo deficiet depreſſa licentia paſſim,
Exemploque GEÖRGÎ, imitabitur æmula pubes
Innocuos mores, et vitam labe carentem,
Conjugiumque petet, culpâque vacabit ab omni.
Ergo etiam ſimili gaudebunt prole parentes,
Nec violata domus læſos plorabit honores,
Degeneremque torum, et ſuppoſtos queſta nepotes.
Tuque adeo votis jam nunc, puer, addite noſtris,
Quid non præclari patrio ſub nomine debes?
GEORGIUS alter eris: teneros ille imbuet annos,
Conſilioque animum firmabit magna moventem:
Qualis et ipſe olim FRED'RICUS (amabile nomen!)
Surgenti nato laudis præcepta futuræ
Indidit; ingeniumque ſuis velocius annis
Miratus, non fœmineâ molleſcere turbâ,
Nec tamen in Martis paſſus ruere arma furentem,
Pacis amans. — Sed enim quæ Principe digna Britanno,
Quidve ſequens famæ conſcendere in ardua poſſet,
Hoc omne edocuit, juſſitque oſtendere natis.
Virtutis, patriæque parens, ſic ſuevit habenas
GEORGIUS imperii manibus moderarier æquis;

Deliciæ Britonum, metuenduſque hoſtibus hoſtis.
Talem te ſeri videant dare jura nepotes,
Edoctum regnandi artes; animiſque paternis,
Quantùm armis, tantùm clarâ pietate potentem.

Honorabilis *Joannes Hanger*,
Honoratiſſimi Domini Baronis de *Coleraine*,
Filius natu maximus,
Coll. Regin. Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

Ad REGEM.

O Magne princeps, ô ſalus Britanniæ,
Sub quo reluxit inquinatæ patriæ
Avita virtus; cujus auſpiciis dare
Iterum ſubactis jura novit hoſtibus,
Pacemque vidit poſtulare ſupplices!
Fas ſit Camœnæ, quæ tuam ſemper colit
Honeſta famam, fas inani carmine
Memorare quæ tacere neſcit gaudia,
Perpetua ſpondet quæ Britannis gaudia,
Sublimiore digna verſu gaudia.
Vidit Camœna, læta vidit Angliam.
Minas ſuperbas hoſtium contundere,
Oriſque ferre ab omnibus victoriam
Turpis repulſæ neſciam; circumflua
Dumque illa victrix regnat inter æquora,
Miniſtra belli, et, tuta vaſtis claſſibus,
Vindicia torquet hinc et inde fulmina,
Pacis ſereniora ſentit otia.
Vidit Camœna, læta vidit Angliæ
Orbis remotas per plagas patentia
Florere plenis carbaſis commercia,
Sub te patrono: quin et occultum caput

Subitò e tenebris vidit Artes tollere;
Ignota quin et regibus Scientia
Tibi, magne princeps, pandit abſtruſos ſinus,
Certos penates ſub tuis palatiis
Poſuiſſe læta; — vidit — at tantam procul
Procul intuetur, magne princeps, gloriam.
Sed ſurget olim, ſurget Angligenum decus,
Dignè celebret qui perenni carmine,
Qui te patronum literarum et artium,
Qui te miniſtrum pacis et belli canat.
Imbelliores interim valeant modi
Meæ Camœnæ! floreas diu decus,
Tutela, Britonum! floreas Scientiæ
Pater, patronus, indies major tuæ,
Novæque cingant laureæ ſacrum caput.
Seroque cum nativa repetes ſidera,
Famæque honeſtæ plenus et vitæ ſatur,
Difficile ſceptri pondus olim filio
Trades gerendum; gloriâ pollens pari,
Paribuſque ſplendidè micans virtutibus,
Pariter ſaluti conſulat Britanniæ,
Pariter ſuperbas hoſtium tundat minas,
Pariterque amatam nutriat ſcientiam,
Patre digna proles! Abſit at triſtis dies,
Dies Britannis luctuoſa, ſed tibi
Minus hinc ſevera fiet, et minus tuis.

Honorabilis *Guilielmus Hanger*,
Honoratiſſimi Domini Baronis de *Coleraine*,
Filius natu ſecundus,
Coll. Regin. Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

PURE are the joys which ſpeed thy ſmiling hours,
Blythe nuptial god, nor impotent ſuch balm
To medicine the ills of man: for ſtill
In thy chaſte bow'r from unexhauſted ſource
Love breaths ſecure delight, and wafts uncloy'd
The fond effuſion of congenial ſouls:
Tranſport ineffable, and beſt alloy
To temper virtue's rigid lore; which elſe,
In rude array of native worth might chill
Youth's genial hopes, and back with ſlack recoil
Appall her ſhrinking nerves. — But oh! what ſkill
Of ſubtleſt thought may tell th' exulting joys
Of that bleſt morn, when with triumphant arm
The grateful father rears to heav'n's high pow'r
His infant image; and adoring loud
Th' eternal Maker's all-creating hand,
Boaſts a man child is born! Then a bland train
Of thouſand cares with mild ſollicitude
Wake his parental love. How beſt t' improve
The kindly ſhoot of nature's active vigour,
And train her fair luxuriance: how t' unveil
The vivid emanation of heav'n's fire
Breath'd in the infant mould, and purge its beam
From baſe alloy, and film of mortal coil.
For not in vain doth ſage philoſophy
Chaſtiſe with ſober diſcipline the rage
Of headlong appetite; nor vainly call
Youth's wand'ring eye from pride's o'er-weening pomp,
And gariſh boaſt of happineſs: full oft
Illuſion apt to win on goodlieſt ſpirits,
Ee'r ſun-clad wiſdom on their darkling viſion
Pours her effulgence, with her peerleſs blaze

Baffling ſuch glitter. She, juſt arbitreſs!
Weighs in her golden ballances the hopes
Of ſanguine inexperience; and diſcreet,
Sifts with ſure ſkill true good from ſeeming fair:
There fixing her mature deſires, where joy
And home-felt bliſs approve the juſt reſolves
Of conſcious virtue: where unblemiſh'd fame,
And pure fruition without ſurfeit reigns.
Nor other care, great GEORGE, with weightier charge
Sits on thy boſom, when thy kingly hand
Now checks the rein of victory's ſcythed car,
And ratifies to England's riſing hope
Th' inheritance of many a wide domain,
Thy trophies. — Nobler empire ſhalt thou build
On virtue's baſe in his young breaſt; and teach
By fair example to his rip'ning years,
How vain the plume of conqueſt, or the pride
Of ſcepter'd rule, or pleaſure's charmed lure,
To lull th' immortal longings of the ſoul
Which virtue lifts to heav'n. So ſhall he win
The meed of innocence; and haply bind,
In the bright realms of incenſe-breathing bliſs,
The ſtarry trophy round his patient brow.

Sir *John Ruſſell* Baronet, B. A.
Student of Chriſt Church.

SAlve Georgi! — rite muneribus ſuis
Te Muſa donat, ſive victor audias
Seu tu pater libentius, Britanniæ
Dum quicquid uſquam acceſſit amplitudinis,
Et prole nunc et pace ſancias ſimul.
Quanquam fidelis nata Mnemoſynes ſuum
Victoribus Camœna ſanciat decus,
Tamen ipſa, ſævi Martis a tumultibus
Secreta ſylvas propter et rivos aquæ,
Pacem ſuis amiciorem ſedibus
Magis volenti concinit præconio.
O mater artium, ingenî pulcherrima
Nutrix, latentes quæ ſilenter elicis
Quoſcunque fructus alma parturit Quies,
Quæ muſa tibi non gratuletur advenæ?
O Pax, ſereno tu ferens vultu diem,
Ridere lætas cuncta per terras jubes
Ubicunque fauſtum dia diffundis jubar.
At gloriam ſi bella dant, ſi latius
Diffuſa populos jura per victos ferunt,
Non gloriæ, non imperî fructus, niſi
Tuâ manu, Pax alma, conditi juvant.
Te, diva, quicquid aſperum, quicquid ferum,
Inhoſpitale quicquid uſquam, amabiles
Quacunque greſſus dirigis, pulſum fugit.
O magna proles, ô Britanniæ tuæ
Donate princeps! diſce quo ſub omine
Naſcaris, area quanta ſe pandat tibi.
Attingit aures primus en teneras ſonus
Quem victo ab hoſte fundit exultatio!
Sat armâ jam dedere; jam victoria
Tropæa confirmavit, auctior ultimâ
Ut gratuletur voce naſcenti tibi:
Paratque, poſito Martis enſe, munia
Quietiora, digna nec tamen minus.

GRATULATIO

En! ut Scientiarum et Artium chorus,
Amica Pax quos candido fovet ſinu,
Te mox patronum, mox patrem, ſpondent ſibi.
Norunt ſub auſpice quo, quibus penetralibus
Nutritus, olim mente perſpicies tuâ
Et intus hauries, ſcientiæ tegant
Sublime ſiquid, ſiquid artes elegans.
Nam fidus ipſe dux puertiæ, tibi
Dubios ſtudebit anxius greſſus pater
Firmare, lubricum uſque prætentans iter;
Capitique texet ſerta virtutum, virent
Ubicunque, flores ſedulâ carpens manu.

Jacobus Macdonald Baronettus,
ex Ædе Chriſti.

Ad REGEM.

ANgligenum valuere preces; votiſque ſupremam
Impoſuit deus ipſe manum! Britonum ipſe triumphis
Optatam ſtatuit metam pater; utque reverti
Neſciat, occluſoſque habeat fortuna regreſſus,
Gaudia ſancivit partu cumulata recenti.
Hujus in adventu, medii trans æquoris undas,
Aggere murorum ac triplici munimine ſeptus,
Intremuit, cæcoque labantia corda pavore
Obſtupuit perculſus Iber; quin, "Pandite portas,
"Pandite (ait,) cinctaſque arces reſerate; quid ultrà
"Tendimus? Ipſe ſuis animos vireſque ſecundas
"Sufficit Angligenis hominum pater; ipſe faventis
"Signa manûs, jam nunc, manifeſtâ in luce retexit."
Parte aliâ (neque enim deus imperfecta Britannis
Gaudia, cum talem genti conceſſit alumnum;)
Gallicus e ſpoliis prædo brevibuſque tropæis
Pulſus abit, furto paulùm lætatus inani;

Surreptoſ-

Surreptoſque palam reddit nudatus honores.
At tibi, magne parens, feſto dum compita plauſu
Effractas reſonant acies exciſaque valla,
En erit, ut liceat tanto immiſcere tumultu
Gaudia, quæ tangant animos ſincera parentis!
Scilicet hoſtili quoties e ſtrage recentem
Vidimus ire ducem, medii inter feſta triumphi,
Neſcio quid ſubtriſte ac lamentabile murmur
Plauſibus inſinuat ſeſe; importuna doloris
Vox ſonat, invitaſque allabens vulnerat aures.
Dulcior, et qualem nihil interpellet amari,
Attingat patrios animos, propiorque voluptas;
Quanta ſubeſt, vigili cùm mox ſpectabis ocello
Lucida divinæ puero rationis oriri
Tela procul, ſparſumque diem illuceſcere menti.
Suave adeo, et veteres annorum evolvere faſtos,
Magnorumque oculis regum veſtigia cautis
Clara ſequi; non quos ventoſo gloria curru
Per ſtratas miſerorum acies, populataque traxit
Oppida, fædatumque horrendis cladibus orbem:
Sed quibus innixæ cuſtodibus, aurea gentes,
Militiæque domique, bonas coluere per artes
Otia; qui lances æquato examine juſtas
Immotâ tenuere manu; qui dulcia Muſis
Hoſpitia, et ſacras poſuere vagantibus arces,
Unde ſuum peperere decus; qui pace dederunt
Ditia per latos regni commercia portus
Fervere; qui populi longùm vixere beati
Deliciæ, ſimileſque ſui finxere nepotes.
Hinc poteris vitæ ſenſim inſtillare futuræ
Prima rudimenta, atque animum ad virtutis honeſtos
Conformare habitus, patrioſque inducere mores.

David Gregory, S.T.P.
Ædis Chriſti Decanus.

GRATULATIO

UNDE (bellantûm tibi polliceri
Nemo quod regum potuit) repentè
Conditur ferrum? Britonas an ætas
Ferrea liquit?
Undè, nummorum facie recenti
(Hoſticas dum Mars ſpoliarit arces)
Albion gaudet? Redeuntne in aurum
Tempora priſcum?
Uſque te laudem celeberrimi, ſol,
Conſcium partûs! utinam cieret
Arbiter Muſas, Dryadas ut olim
Sicelidaſque
Mantuæ vates: minor heu! poeta
Nunc opus majus movet; ordo major
Naſcitur; Muſæ et grave munus inſtat
Oxonienſi.
Non in adverſas gerit uſque bellum
GEORGIUS victor ruiturus arces;
Nec novum ultorem proprio exoriri
Stemmate ſperat:
Cultor at pacis ſtudioſus, addit
Alterum pignus, genitor vocari
Lætus, et partûs eadem refulget
Pacis et hora.
Accola hunc ſolem celebret, bicornis
Flumen ad Rheni, Sequanæque potor;
Laudet et, quamvis modo raptam Iberus
Luget Havannam,
Luget et Calpen, propè, ſed remotam!
Auſtriæ et frendens Mulier per urbes
(Cui dedit regnum ſtabile Anglicanus
Enſis et aurum)
Labra compreſſa, et placidos ocellos,
His ferat cunis: ibi non videbit
Parvulis preſſos digitis minacis
Herculis angues;

Nuncium

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

Nuncium pacis placidæ, en! olivam
Porrigit ridens puer: utriuſque
Georgii donum rapiat Thereſa,
Gallus, Iberus.

Theophilus Leigh, S.T.P.
Collegii Balliolenſis Magiſter.

Ad REGEM.

JAM, rex magne, iterum tua te Rhedycina ſalutat,
Patronoque ferunt gratæ ſua dona Camœnæ.
En, tibi, quem votis avidi præcepimus, hæres
Exoritur, ſtirpis generoſæ pulchra propago.
Salve fauſta domus: vivant feliciter ambo,
Conjuge vir dignus, conjux quoque digna marito.
Salve tu puer, Angliacæ ſpes altera gentis:
Moribus et vultu referas utrumque parentem.
Te naſcente dies video procedere lætos;
Lætitiâ Angligenæ voces ad ſidera jactant:
Collucent ignes, reſonant modulamine turres,
Reſponſant colles, ripæ clamore reſultant.
Iſis jam ſonat ipſa, ſonat tibi carmina Camus:
Suaviaque Aoniæ nectunt tibi ſerta ſorores.
Naſcentem viridi redimit Victoria lauro,
Et pax alma ſuâ cunas præcingit olivâ.
Aſpera compoſitis miteſcunt ſecula bellis;
In falcem innocuam rigidus curvabitur enſis;
Agreſtique minax mutatur vomere cuſpis.
Lubrica nec vanas meditatur Gallia fraudes:
Nec duro infelix teritur Germania bello.
Tutus nauta vehit pacata per æquora merces:

Et pleno terras opulentat Copia cornu.
Et jam victor utriſque reverſus miles ab Indis
Præliaque et pugnas, ſævi et diſcrimina martis,
Ruſticus agricolas inter narrabit hiantes.
Alter palantes memorat per cærula Gallos;
Et trepidas miſero concluſas amne carinas:
Alter Mindenſis recitat miracula pugnæ;
Partoſque indomitâ Britonum virtute triumphos.
Montem Regalem canit hic ſine cæde receptum;
Quebeccamque ducis pretioſo ſanguine partam:
Regna ille oſtendit Gallo direpta fugaci;
Et dubio Havannam tandem certamine captam.
Fortia facta virûm arrectâ bibit aure juventus:
Et patria Angligenûm gliſcit ſub pectore virtus.
Regis ad exemplum lætus componitur orbis:
Et Pudor, et Virtus audet neglecta reverti:
Nec proceres thalami contemnunt jura paterni;
Nec prætextati maculantur crimine mores.
Exulat omne nefas: Furor impius ore cruento
Pulſus abit, ſciſſâque fugit Diſcordia pallâ.
Tu puer intereà, teneris formatus ab annis,
Et patris, et matris, præcepta, exempla, ſecutus,
Virtutis normam diſces, artemque regendi.
Cumque pater longos annorum expleverit orbes,
Seruſque in cœlum aſcendat, tu ſceptra capeſſes,
Feliceſque reges parili virtute Britannos,
Bello et pace potens idem, pietate, vel armis
Egregius, magnorum haud unquam indignus avorum.

Thomas Randolph, S.T.P.
C.C.C. Præſes.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

AD REGEM.

MAxime rex, tam plena Dei cui gaudia fudit
Larga manus, quem tam primævo in flore juventæ
Auguſtæ ſoboli fecit CAROLETTA parentem;
Annue, ſi noſtrâ liceat te voce morari,
Annue carminibus. — Quamvis jam patria cúra
Sollicitâ totam teneat dulcedine mentem,
Quamvis, attoniti faſtum domiturus Iberi,
Ingeminata novus moliris vulnera victor;
Sedula vota tamen, lætæ munuſcula Muſæ
Importuna, tuas labi patiare per aures.
Nam neque fas alio nobis potiore triumpho
Intendiſſe lyras: ſiqueis concordia demum
Civica, ſi Britonum virtus et gloria cordi,
Victriceſque acies, et ſpes naſcentis Iuli,
Fas ſit ovare tuis, plauſuque incendere cantus
His ſuper auſpiciis; ut non vehementior olim
Vox audita loqui, Cumææ virginis ulla
Valvis exierit; centum licèt intus ab antris
Effera veridico ſæviret Apolline vates.
Salve auguſte infans! totis Academia Salve!
Reddit ovans citharis; et ſpe præſaga ſuperbâ
Prima coronali cingit cunabula lauro.
Exoriare novum patriæ decus! incrementum
Indigenæ generis! ſanguis præclare Britannûm!
Exoriare! — Tuis, per ſecla noviſſima, magnis
Ominibus, ſeros inſtaurature triumphos!
Inclyte creſce puer! thalami ſpes prima paterni,
Primus amor! ſeniique voluptas ſera futuri!
Inclyte creſce puer! decus acceſſure ſuperbum
Oxonidûm faſtis, et poſtera gloria chartis!
Hanc alii rerum ſeriem venturaque fata
Evolvant, queis robur adhuc et junior ætas.
Hunc natum vidiſſe tamen, patriæque ſubortum
Sidus, promiſſæque nepotibus omina famæ
Jamdudum ſtabilita tuo ſub numine, GEORGI,
Vergentis mihi quod reſtat ſolabitur ævi.

Joannes Fanſhawe, S. T. P. SS. Theologiæ Profeſſor Regius,
Ædis Chriſti Canonicus.

GRATULATIO

MOraris ergo ſolis optatum jubar,
Britonumque plauſus lentus exultantium
Audis; nec alti te ſuper collis jugo
Adhuc ſuperbis vidimus vectum rotis.
Ingredere; cupidis da diem mortalibus:
Te, te Britannis fas ſit hodierno die
Vadis morantem provocare cærulis,
Ortumque feſtâ voce gratularier.
Nec te vel atros lætior fluctus ſuper,
Direpta laceris carbaſa antennis legens,
Vidit procellas diſſipare navita;
Dominive duro ſervus elapſus jugo;
Quàm vota fundens debita hæc artium domus.
Nam, te nitente, magnus ille GEORGIUS,
Benigniori ſidere his terris datus,
Tulit parentis nomen; hinc Britannia
Bene ominatis fræna laxat gaudiis;
Hinc et, canorus quæ refert Pindi chorus,
Nos grata regi dedimus munuſcula.
Ergo nec orâ rurſus in Britannicâ
Tumultuantis vox fremet Diſcordiæ;
Miſerûmve fruſtra civium effuſus cruor
Lauros et arma polluet victricia.
Dolebit acri Gallus invidiâ procul;
Domitæque tandem fracta vis Iberiæ
Poſuiſſe vanas diſcet impotens minas.
O magne fautor, ô ſalus Britanniæ,
Seu tu, ſubactos æquoris fluctus ſuper,
Procul arce ſummâ et rupe candenti ſedens,
Vides ſuperbas ire per ſalſum rates,
Præſenſve noſtras ducis in bellum manus;
Hunc, ô! beati ſi quid aut piæ preces
Populive virtus poſcit, hunc dignum ſui,
Suique nobis da patris ſimillimum!

Joannes Kelly, M. D.
Medicinæ Profeſſor Regius, ex Æde Chriſti.

קומו שרים ושאו זמרה
אל מלך רם מלך נורא:

הבו כבוד אל המלכה
כי נאוה היא מה רב ערכה:

הן היא כגפן פוריה
המליטה בן כעת חידה:

ישב האי על ציץ הלז
נתן קולו ומאד עלז:

תפארת ג׳ורג׳ בלתי חשבות
הן הוא שורר על כל לבות:

מאה שנים הן הוא יעצור
לונדון תשכיל תנדל מצור:

ובנו יקום אל קץ ימים
ישב תחתיו על כס תמים:

אנגלנד תירש עוז וברכה
לעד תכון הממלכה:

Thomas Hunt, S. T. P.
Ædis Chriſti Canonicus,
Ling. Hebr. Profeſſor Regius,
et Profeſſor Ling. Arab.

GRATULATIO

Τοις αγαθοις ουκ εστι γερας χαριτεσσιν αλλο
Η ὁταν ἡς αρετης ανταξιον ελλαβον αινον.
Τουνεκα σοι, μεγαθυμε Βρεταννων αρχαμε λαων,
Μουσα πλεκει στεφανους, συλλεξασ' ανθεα, καλυξις
Πιεριδων καποισιν ὁσα χθων εαρος ὡρη.
Και νυν αυτ' αλοχοιο φιλης επικωδεα φημην
Τερπεται ὑμνευσα, παρ' Ισιδος ἱερον ὑδωρ.
Ουδ' αρ' ακηδεστως τερπνης ευρεια Βρεταννις
Αγγελιης ηκουσεν, ὁτε τριλλιστον εδωκεν
Αιδοιῳ βασιληι θεος γονον, αλλα δεδηεν
Ειλαπινη, θαλιαι τε, κατ' εθνεα πειρατα γαιης.
Σοι δε, πατερ, ποιῳ γανεϊ φρενες ενδον ιανθεν
Πρωτις' εισορωντι νεον θαλος, ὑνικα μητης
Κειμενη εν λεχεϊ, μετα πικρων αλγεα πολλα
Ωδινων, νυν αυτε λελασμενη ὁασ' επεπονθει,
Ασπασιον στηθος ωσιν, διερθις οφθαλμοις,
Παιδ' ἀπαλον μετα χερσιν εχοντα, συδ' αλλοτε ωδε,
Αλλοτε δ' αυ κεδνης επι μητερος ωπα ιδεσκες.
Ω θεοι μθν μακαρες, ω αγαθα κεκτημθνε παντα
Ἁ δειλοις ποτε μοιρα θεος δωκ' ανθρωποισιν·
Ου τοσσην τοι εὐφροσυνην παντ' αλλα παρεξει,
Ου σθενος ἀρρηκτον σθαπιων, νικαι τ' επι πασων
Ηπειρων, ἁις ηελιος επικυδναται αυγη,
Ου τοιω ὁπ λαῳ ανασσεις, ὁς φρεσιν εσθλαις
Ηνορεη τ' εκεκασο κατ' ανδρων μυρια φυλα,
Ουδ' αυτος κλεος ευρυ, και ολβος απειρετος, ὁσσην
Παις ὁδε νηπιαχος, μικρω ὁτε χειρε πεταασας
Πατρος ἐκ γουνων ἁψαιτο, φιλημματα ζητων.
Χαιρε πατερ, παντων δ' ἑνεκα τερποιο, μαλιστα
Τοδε βρεφος γλυκερος· ὁ δ' ὁμοιος ἑοισι τοκευσι
Παντα γνοιτ', αρετη τε πατρωιον ευχος αεξοι.

Samuel Dickens, S.T.P. Linguæ Græcæ Profeſſor Regius,
ex Æde Chriſti.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

HAIL to the ſacred day, that gives an heir
To Britain's throne, and opes th' extended view
Of glories yet remote! th' auſpicious day,
Now crown'd with recent honours, nor before
To Britons unendear'd, that ſaw matur'd
In full event great Naſſau's glorious plan;
Religion, Freedom, on the ſolid baſe
Of law erected; and th' important charge
Conſign'd to Brunſwic's choſen race; a line
Of patriot kings, ordain'd to guard ſecure
The rich depoſit, and to lateſt times
Inviolate the bleſſing to convey.

Thrice happy Britain! by th' encircling ſeas
Divided from the world; in arts, in arms
Preeminent: but far above the reſt
In the high privilege of legal ſway
Diſtinguiſh'd: where the civil pow'rs triform,
Of various aim, in union meet combin'd,
Each tempering each in juſt degree, hold on
Their ſteady courſe, and tend to one fixt point,
The general good. As in this mundane frame,
Adjuſted by th' all-wiſe Arch-builder's hand,
Each rolling ſphere, wand'ring in regular maze,
Prime or attendant; every part, each grain,
Each atom, with due poiſe, and moment due,
Adds his conſpiring influence, and attracts,
Attracted; while the great ſuperior orb,
All-cheering fount of light, himſelf obeys
The general impulſe: he from his high ſtate
With undiminiſh'd majeſty deſcends,
Revolving round the common central goal
With ſolemn pace, and joins the myſtic dance.

O faireſt form of well-built polity,
By antient ſages ſought in vain, unknown
To foreign climes, Britain's peculiar boaſt!
O juſtly dear to all thy ſons; of all
Regardful! ſafe in thy protection reſts
The lowly cot: nor leſs the regal throne Stands

Stands firm by thee, and owns thy guardian care.
By thee ſecure the ſceptre of the main,
From ſire to ſon tranſmitted, ſhall deſcend
Thro' Brunſwic's line; nor know the frequent change,
And ſad viciſſitude, that ſtill attends
Tyrannic rule unbleſt. There dark Diſtruſt,
Pale Jealouſy, and Fear with haggard look,
For ever dwell: while lurking Fraud her ſnares
Spreads thro' the guarded dome; and cloſe Cabal,
Shunning day's dreaded eye, o'er danger broods.
See, where immur'd in cheerleſs ſtate unſeen
Sits the proud eaſtern deſpot; fear'd of all,
Himſelf moſt inſecure: no kindred near,
No friend as his own ſoul; from all the joys
Of ſocial life ſequeſter'd: a dark void
Surrounds the deſart throne, diſtain'd with blood
Of brethren, rivals deem'd; congenial blood,
Dire off'ring, at Suſpicion's horrid ſhrine
Pour'd out, the tyrant's guardian deity,
Prepoſterous, who in frantic fear deſtroys
His beſt ſupports, and with blind confidence
Againſt his own bare boſom arms his ſlaves.
But learn, ye Britons, with obſervance due,
With holy eſtimation, and deep awe,
Your country, your religion, to revere,
Your laws, your liberty. Ye, princes, learn,
That not the vain acquiſt of boundleſs ſway,
Too big for man to weild, for angel's graſp
Too big; but fair equality of rule,
But pow'r obedient to the rein of Law,
To Reaſon, Juſtice, Faith; true greatneſs gives,
Gives true authority to kings. Here fix
The butt of your ambition; hither aim
Your whole intent. Be this your majeſty,
Your ſtrength: in this your ſafety ſtands; in this,
Your happineſs, your virtue, and your praiſe.

Joſeph Spence, M. A. Regius Profeſſor of Modern Hiſtory.
of New College.

اضطرب في الارض هم الفرنجيون
اضطرب باسرهم البوربيون
قلت بديهـا مضمنـا
ارسل الله بحار فتن عليهم
اقبلت كقطع من الليل المظلم
فرح السعيد الاكتئار
بعون الله العزيز الغفور
وباس السلطان المشهور
في الاقاليم سيول الفتح افاضوا
فعمروها واركان الدين شيدوا
اثروا الارض بالايمان
وعمروها بالعدل والاحسان
الملك كان مرجع قوم الي قوله
ولا البريقني يعدل عن رايه
حسن قرر ناموس البيعه
وجليل جاهه وحرمته
ايامنـا مشهورة في عدونـا
الا افتخرينـا غلامـا سيدا فينـا
ان الجمال معادن ومناقب اورثن مجدا
وانت الذي ولدتك امك باكيـا
والناس حولك يضحكون سرورا
ليهنك في المكارم والمعالي
كمال علم القمر الكمالا
فادت اجل من عيد تهنـا
بعودته فهنيت الجلالا

R. Browne D. D.
of Hertford College,
Lord *Almoner*'s Profeſſor of Arabic.

FROM heaven again the roll deſcends: the fates
A royal birth prognoſticate; a prince
To his celeſtial, kindred beings ſhewn,
Our promis'd bleſſing; of our priſtin worth
The grand reſtorer; emulous of all
His worthieſt anceſtry; for greateſt acts,
And nobleſt virtues fam'd. See! into life
He riſes; on whoſe ſhoulders graceful reſts
The weight of empire; with preſages great
To patriot monarchs; on whoſe awful creſt
Sterneſt defiance frowns, with trophies won,
Unfading wreaths of regal grandeur, gifts
Of grateful ſubjects, round him. Emblem chief
His awful brow the goodlieſt diadem binds;
Whence, as from Heſperus, or Iris, ſhoot
Thoſe rays, which ſpeak him delegate of heaven.
O! with what joy the parent mind expands,
Seeing thoſe principles, her care inſtill'd,
Youth's promiſed bloſſoms of the future man,
So ſoon matured, the love of every age!
He every grace paternal ſhall adorn;
He ſhall Iberia's haughty power ſubdue,
And Gallia to Britannia's conqueſt join.
He ſhall be great: new ſpirit give to laws;
To all, freſh courage; and to Britons — (more
What can the muſe preſage?) much wealth, much peace.
Another Oudenarde, or Minden, ſhew
His country's proweſs, in his own. Again,
Poictiers, or Agencourt, or Creſſy's fields
Shall ſhew the Briton. Nor politer arts
Tho' 'midſt the din, and tumult of his war,
Shall he forget. Lo! Architecture rears
Her arch triumphal, where are ſeen emboſs'd
The Britiſh worthies, with the Brunſwic line,
In arms tremendous; death-denouncing forms

To Britain's foes; while every patriot Muſe
Blows the loud trump of fame; and heroes riſe
Again to life, immortalized in ſong.
Nature again her gayeſt livery wears,
Bearing her full-blown honours on her head,
Wond'ring at beauties, made her own; ſhe looks
Defiance at the threat'ning ſcythe of time.
While, as from flood-gates iſſuing ruſh the waves,
Forth pours her ſons of thunder every port:
From every land the luſty ſailor haſtes
His tributary ſtore to bring; the land
Seems ruſhing into ſea; each wave, a wood.
New cities riſe: and lo! th' hiſtoric page
In deathleſs characters, to life recalls
Chiefs only known in ſong; and pointing, cries
"This is the way to fame: be theſe your arts,
Diſſenſion baniſh, baniſh party zeal,
Baniſh corruption, every heart be free.
Britons, be brave; nor let one gloomy cloud,
One melancholy thought your proſpect veil,
Or hopes diminiſh: nor enfuriate zeal,
Nor wild ambition, what the fates ordain,
Your happineſs retain: what once your ſires
With their beſt blood have purchaſed, ſacred truſt!
Your rights retain: be happy and be free.
Still ſhall the Britiſh flag, o'er every ſea,
Sail, terror-ſtriking wonder; while our arms
Proclaim new liberty to every land.
From Ganges eaſtward, to the fartheſt point,
Where Phœbus ſinks into his Thetis' lap,
His gentle ſway the ſwarthy ſavage owns;
Such the dominion which politer arts
Hold over brutal force. From thence revive
Our envied liberties: another face
Shall nature wear, and Eden's bliſsful bowers
Be found, where GEORGE, with gracious CHARLOTTE, reigns."

GRATULATIO

Lo! where the genius of Britannia ſmiles,
Seeing her ſtate by great atchievements rais'd,
Back flung full many a year, in ſtrength renew'd,
Thro' antient virtue rouz'd; a chief each ſon.
Hail to Britannia, hail! he cries, thy bliſs
Thy univerſal ſway begins: no more
Shall vile Corruption rear her harlot front,
Nor Anarchy bear rule: nor more ſhall law
Beneath injuſtice crouch, nor atheiſm vaunt
O'er fair religion: nor ſhall virtue more,
Enwrap'd in filth, to foul oppreſſion ſtoop.
Far hence hypocriſy with holy leer;
Hence ſuperſtition clad in wiſdom's garb;
Hence canting bigotry, deſigning craft,
Of patriotiſm, of religion much
Inſinuating bland with meaning vile.
Freedom with innocence, with virtue truth,
Will hand in hand, in mutual intereſt join'd,
Lead up the years with Britain's welfare bleſs'd;
Since GEORGE triumphant rules a willing world;
And gracious CHARLOTTE ſmiles it into peace.

James Forteſcue, D.D.
Fellow of Exeter College.

JAmque dies aderat, carum quem ſemper habebunt,
Semper honoratum, quibus eſt pulcherrima rerum
Libertas cordi, et patrii, pia cura, penates:
Lætus ad arrectas cùm nuncius attulit aures,
Acceſſiſſe novum ſceptro columenque decuſque
Angliaco; — ſalvum cœli veniſſe ſub auras
GEORGIOLUM, auguſti magnum patris incrementum.
Ingens hinc ſubitò plauſus per rura, per urbes,
Et populi concentus, Io genialia ferte
Pocula, et intextis poſtes redimite corollis:

Garrula

Garrula multiſonos fundit dum tibia cantus;
Et flammæ artifices paſſim per compita, nati
GEORGIOLI ſublime ferunt ad ſidera nomen.
Ingeminant plauſum reſonantia littora longè,
Et læto convexa poli clamore reſultant.
Tum demùm feſſo nox circumfuſa ſilentes
Adduxit tenebras, mollique papaveris ictu
Tempora contingens, placida hæc mihi ſomnia finxit.
Ecce mihi ante oculos antiqua palatia regum,
Atque altæ patuêre fores, ubi regia proles
Purpureis ſuffulta toris recubabat et auro;
Mille ſatellitibus circùm ſtipata ſupráque
Aligeris, ſolitis mortales fallere viſus,
Dum ſacro invigilant thalamo, requiemque miniſtrant.
(Quippe pii regis ſuperis ſunt omnia curæ!)
Tum verò cunis ſubmiſſè accedere viſi
Patreſque, procereſque, et non ignobile vulgus,
Et ſimilem agnoſcunt ſobolem, gaudentque tueri.
Ante alios veneranda viri ſe forma ferebat,
Annis maturi atque animis, et culmine mitræ
Conſpicui, meritis tantùm famâque minoris:
Qui puerum gremio exceptum dum ſiſtit ad aras
Fonte lavaturus ſacro, pia lumina cœlo
Attollit tacitè venerans; dein talia fatur.
"Salvete egregii, atque iterùm ſalvete parentes,
Heroum ſanguis veterum, heroaſque futuros
Polliciti, et claros veſtro de ſanguine reges!
Magna quidem, ſed vera, loqui mihi corda laborant
Plena deo; nec me divina oracula fallunt.
En ille, auſpiciis natus felicibus, infans
Aurea pacatis promittit ſecula terris.
Illum cœleſtis ducet ſapientia nutrix,
Inſpirans patriæ magnum et pietatis amorem:
Et fidæ comites, quoquò veſtigia vertit,
Æquatis Amor et Reverentia paſſibus ibunt:
Ut ſceptro aſſurgat, tantæ (ſed ſera ſit, oro,

Sera ſit illa dies!) dignus qui pondera molis
Suſtineat, patriiſque regat virtutibus orbem:
Scilicet inviolata ſciens ſua jura Britannis,
Et decus imperii majeſtatemque tueri.
Jam nunc incipiunt procedere lætiùs anni.
Te naſcente, puer, placidum Pax aurea vultum
Oſtendit, cuniſque parat prætexere olivam.
Jam nunc immites coeunt in fœdera gentes,
Fœdera, quæ ſeri memorent cum laude nepotes!
Submittit ſeſe totum devicta per orbem
Gallia; et inſanos mox ponet Iberia faſtus.
Otia quiſque ſuâ tutus ſub vite colonus,
Tutum iter extremos peraget mercator ad Indos,
Et patrio omnigenas mutabit vellere merces.
Interea latè diffuſa ſcientia veri
Indorum cæcas ſolvet caligine mentes:
Chriſti pura fides nova ſpargens lumina terris,
Quas ſol mane novo, ſero quas veſpere viſit,
Et ſtudiis docti ingenuis miteſcere mores
Sacra Deo gemini facient commercia mundi."
Audiit, atque novis lætata Britannia ſeclis
Turrigeri canos capitis concuſſit honores,
Juſſitque Iſicolas hæc dicta ediſcere Muſas.

Guilielmus Haſtedine, S. T. P.
Coll. Magd. Soc.

NON, licèt ille prior movit qui injurius arma,
Cladibus aſſiduis jam toto viribus impar
Ceſſerit oceano Gallus, ſeroque ſecuti
Relliquias damnent belli infelicis Iberi,
Aut urbes bello captæ, ſtratæve ſecundo
Marte acies, nimioque aſperſæ ſanguine laurus,
Unica materies, vel ſunt gratiſſima muſæ.
Te, Dea, virtutem famâ donare perenni
Sæpe juvat, quam longa ætas caligine multâ

Obruerat;

Obruerat; ventura patent tibi ſecula laudis.
Huc ades; Ænean ſeros quæ fata nepotes
Reſtabant, Phœbi edocuit Cumæa ſacerdos—
Et dum feſta dies, votivaque carmina gratos
Exercent, juſtas præſens in carmina vires
Sufficias, pandaſque ævi venientis honores.
Nam neque cùm ſceptris ſucceſſit Cæſar avitis,
Res inter trepidas, duce te, Rhedycina ſilebat
Imperii fines prolatos, et fore tandem
Ut placidæ victor ſanciret fœdera pacis.
Tu quoque CHARLOTTAM cum regia puppis ab Albi
Adveheret, reduci repetens ſua littora curſu,
Rite aderas: interque choros Hymenæa ſonantes,
Præſcia vox cecinit factam de virgine matrem:
Non vano augurio. Suſceptum age perfice munus,
Et qua primitias fauſti pia turba tuorum
Concelebrat thalami, fatorum arcana reclude,
Læta tamen, lætoque deûm pater omine firmet.

Ellis Jones, A. M.
Ædis Chriſti Alumnus,
Academiæ Procurator Senior.

O! qui, beatis auſpiciis, ſinu
Nutricis almæ blandulus inſides,
Prædulcis Infans, quem paternis,
Quem Patriæ tribuere votis
Non invidentes Dî, Tibi præſcius
Aſſurgit ordo, verbaque, cœlitùs
Audita dudum, nunc fideli
Geſtit amans iterare plectro:
" Vos, deſtinati, currite lucido
" Tenore, menſes; naſcere, naſcere,
" Optate Princeps, in nepotum
" Lætitiam, opprobriumque gentis

 Hoſtilis!

GRATULATIO

" Hoſtilis! Ardet quanta fidelium
" Cohors Britannûm gaudia prodere,
" Ortumque felicem paratur
" Tergemino celebrare plauſu!
" At Te decoram progeniem Patris
" Cui cor verendi Numinis intimum
" Amore flagrat, Te tenellæ
" Expediet per acuta vitæ
" Cœleſtis ultrò dux; Tibi lectulum
" Sternet, ſaluti proſpiciens tuæ;
" Suaveſque præſtabit jacenti
" Et faciles ſine fraude ſomnos.
" At quis novellum moribus excolet
" Pectus? quis almæ ſemina providus
" Virtutis indet, naſcituram
" Quiſve manu ſegetem fovebit?
" En! quo GEORGÎ dextra peritior
" Ducet, ſequeris; Dî Tibi regium
" Præbent magiſtrum, quo tenellam
" Non melior pietate mentem
" Informet: artes mille reconditas
" Tradet placendi, doctus amabili
" Nexu volentûm arcere corda,
" Et veteres abolere rixas;
" Doctus ſuperbos fortiter impetus
" Frænare Galli; nec tibi, Cantaber,
" Minoris inſtat vis procellæ,
" Auſe ſacrum temerare fœdus.
" Virtutis et Tu ſedulus audies
" Cultor paternæ, præſidium et decus
" Creſcentis ævi; ipſo docente,
" Pacis eris mediuſque belli."

Ricardus Scrope, A. M.
Coll. Magd. Socius,
Academiæ Procurator Junior.

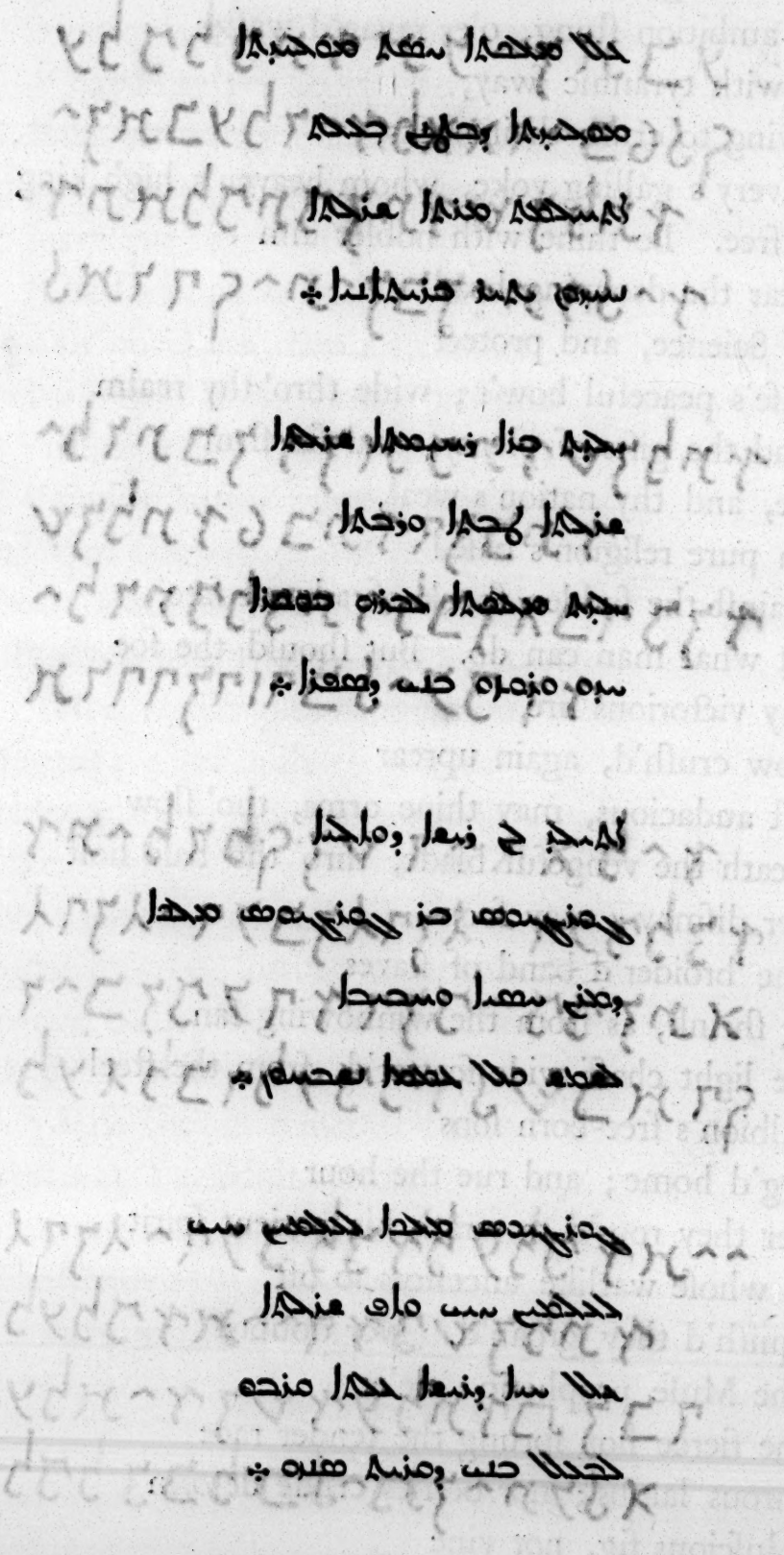
UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

HAIL, royal babe, on whoſe auſpicious birth
Ceaſes the wild uproar of warring ſtates!
Oh! may fair Peace (ſo prays
Each Britiſh heart) attend
Thy future reign! Let others, with the luſt
Of mad ambition ſtung, o'er ravag'd waſtes
Rule with tyrannic ſway,
Joying to cruſh their necks,
With ſlavery's galling yoke, whom heaven's high king
Created free. Be thine with nobler aim
To rear the drooping head
Of Science, and protect
The muſe's peaceful bow'r; wide thro' thy realm
To ſpread the gifts of plenty, and fix firm
Thine, and thy nation's weal,
On pure religion's baſe!
Proof 'gainſt the ſudden ſhock of adverſe fate,
Fear not what man can do. But ſhould the foe
By thy victorious ſire
Now cruſh'd, again uprear
His creſt audacious, may thine arms, tho' ſlow
T' unſheath the vengeful blade, thro' the baſe hoſt
Scatter diſmay; may ſoon
The 'broider'd band of ſlaves
Retiring ſhrink, as from the winnowing fan
Flies the light chaff wide ſcatter'd, from the ſteel
By Albion's free-born ſons
Urg'd home; and rue the hour
That e'er they rous'd to wrath his patient ſpirit
Beneath whoſe warlike anceſtors ſo oft
Vanquiſh'd they groan'd. Nor doubts
The Muſe prophetic: ne'er
From the fierce lion ſprung the tender race
Of timorous lambs; nor berries crude deform
The luſcious fig, nor vine
With purple cluſters grac'd.

Richard Raynsford, Comm. Univ. Coll.

GRATULATIO

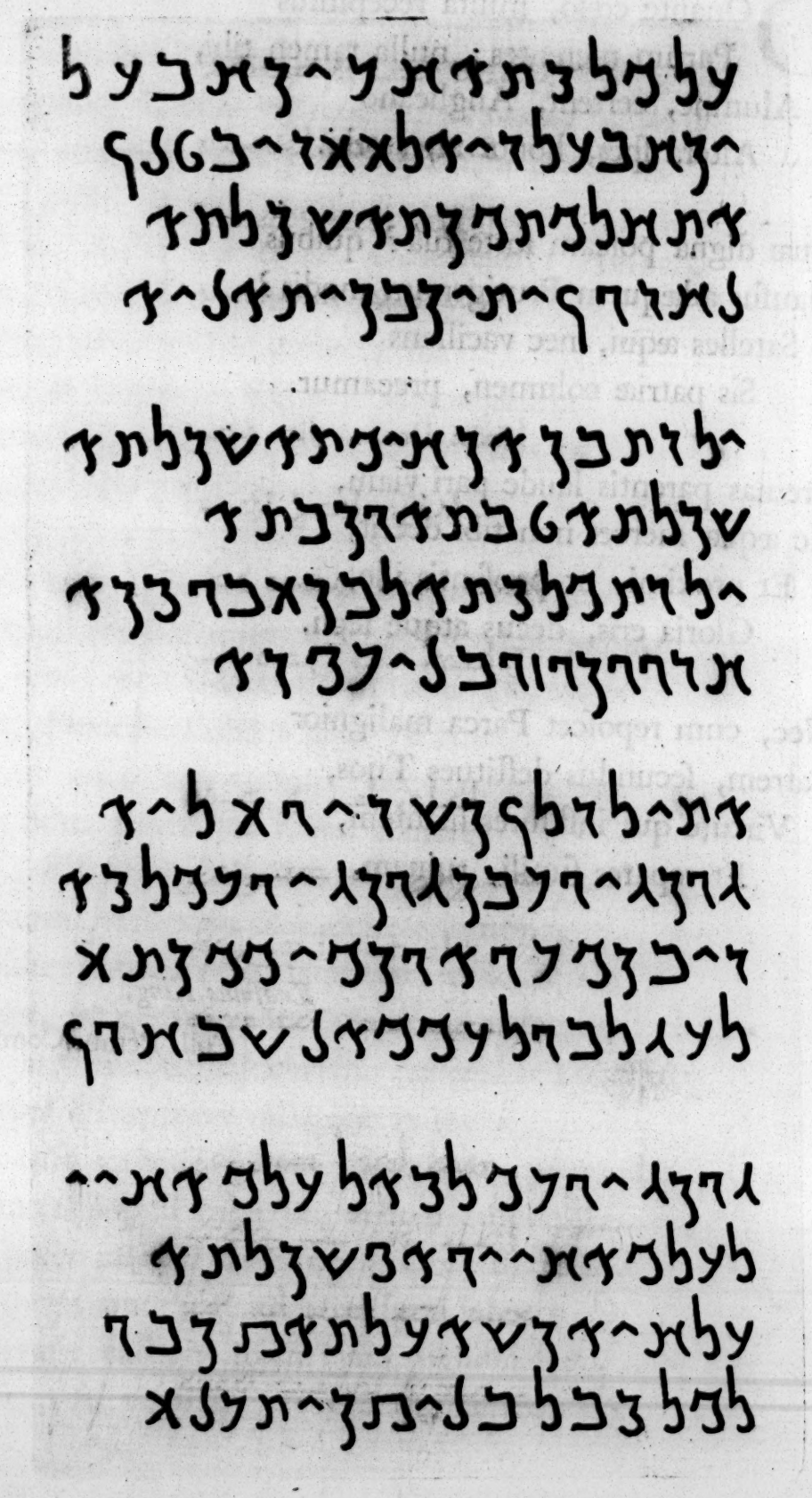
Carmen Syriacum.



Joannes Swinton, S. T. B.
ex Æde Christi.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

Carmen Syriaco-Palmyrenum,
priſcis literis in marmore Oxonienſi inciſis
exaratum.



Joannes Swinton, S. T. B.
ex Æde Chriſti.

GRATULATIO

AD PRINCIPEM.

DOnante cœlo, multa recepimus
Parum merentes; nulla tamen tibi,
Alumne, certent, Anglicano
Altera ſpes, honor alter orbi.

Quæ digna poſcam ſorte tuâ? quibus
Plauſus adæquem Brutigenum modis?
Satelles æqui, nec vacillans
Sis patriæ columen, precamur.

Premas parentis laude pari viam,
Sic æqua merces non tibi deerit,
Et proximi, ut præſentis ille,
Gloria eris, decus atque ſecli.

Nec, cum repoſcet Parca malignior
Patrem, ſecundus deſtitues Tuos,
Virtute qui inſtaures hiantem,
Et repares ſimili, ruinam.

Eraſmus King,
Coll. Pemb. Commenſ.

SAlve dives opum, ſtudiiſque aſperrima belli
Heroum genetrix fœcunda, Britannia, fluctus
Quæ medios inter, candentibus ardua ſaxis
Oceani regina nites! Tibi munera mittit
Afer, et auriferas Thameſina in flumina Ganges
Volvit aquas; Canada extremi Laurentis ad undas
Te colit, immenſos tibi pandit America fines,
Et cedit pulſis in jura Britannica Gallis.
Territa te, claſſemque tuam, Cuba ſenſit; Havannâ
Exutum, ſerò violatæ pacis Iberum
Pœnituit; rebus te Luſitanus egenis
Reſpicit, et Britonum fretus ſocialibus armis,
Quà vetus irriguo Cattos lavat amne Viſurgis,
Marte gravi populata diu ſerit arva colonus.
At licèt armorum rabies vexaverit orbem,
Hic lætæ intereà ramos prætendit olivæ
Aurea Pax, plenaſque per arva per oppida paſſim
Spargit opes; non ulla canit præludia pugnæ
Buccina, Pierioſve audet violare receſſus.
GEORGIUS ipſe manu rerum moderatus habenas,
Et regis fidus populique tuetur honorem
Arbiter; ille etiam belli ſedare furores
Pacis amans, victorque ſuos finire triumphos
Aggreditur: neque enim famæ tam dira cupido
Illum agit, ut gemitus immotâ mente cadentum
Audiat, aut nunquam lachrymis miſereſcat honeſtis
Millia quot ſylvas inter vaſtaſque paludes
Corpora fuſa jacent, fluitantve inhumata per undas.
Hos inter populi valuerunt vota triumphos,
Magne pater patriæ! dulci tua pectora flammâ
Tangit purus amor; regni tibi digna labores
Sponſa levat: caſtique ferens jam pignora lecti,
Connubium felix ſanxit, lætoſque hymenæos.

GRATULATIO

Ergo ingens reſonat feſtiva per oppida clamor,
Plauſuſque ingeminant cives; te ſæpe parentem
Læta vocat, prolemque tuam, Rex magne, ſalutat
Patria; quæque tuis felix te principe ſenſit
Auſpiciis bona, venturos præſumit in annos.
O! ſiquid Britonum valeant pia vota tuorum,
Hos tibi ſæpe novet plauſus, faciliſque dolores
Sæpe levet Lucina tuos; ſolennia vates
Vota pii, CAROLETTA, ferant; dum providus olim
Det pueris exempla pater, primiſque ſub annis
Ipſe ſibi ſimilem prolem virtutibus ornans,
Imperii varios doceat perferre labores.
Tuque adeo, venerande puer, quem debita quondam
Regna manent, felix creſcas, magnique parentis
Facta tuens, memorique agitans ſub pectore laudes,
Succedas ſolio, et populo des jura volenti.
Te placidi faſces, permiſtaque laurus olivâ
Expectant; neque enim bello vexatus et armis
Accipies diadema: tuus pater ille tumultus
Compeſcet latè victor, ſceptrique moleſtum
Sternet iter; tibi regna ſuis ſtabilita triumphis
Concedet, paſſimque novo dominarier orbi.

Georgius Talbot Hatley Foote,
Aulæ B. M. V.
Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

THoſe votive ſtrains, O Iſis, that but now
Along thy haunted verge melodious breath'd
To the ſweet ſtop of quill, or chorded ſhell,
Or paſtoral reed by many a muſe inſpir'd,
Were not in vain. O now again from grot
Or leafy glade, wheree'er they uſe, thy train
Summon aloud, an hundred virgin forms
That tend thy beck, to hail in myſtic dance,
And high-enraptur'd ſong, th' auſpicious day,
That glad occaſion gives, and crowns their hope.
And O may ſuch bleſt magic hang upon
The puiſſant ſound, as, after that rude rout
Subdued of Earth's proud ſons preſumptuous, when
Unſhorn Apollo touch'd the golden wire
Amidſt enthroned gods, and inſtant peace
Renew'd thro'out the courts of Jove; that e'en
Stern Mars was ta'en, and from his nerveleſs arm
Down dropt the ſated lance. — And now enough
Hath rag'd, among th' affrighted ſeats of men
Dealing fell havoc; from the frozen North,
Where inbred tumults ſhake the throne, to where
Beneath ſolſtitial heat in torrent climes,
Britain's intrepid ſons for GEORGE's brow
Win glorious laurels; ſuch as never yet
The gazed temples bound of hero fam'd
Or demi-god, thro' ſhouting multitudes
In triumph drawn. Fond minds, that ſought true praiſe
By conqueſts and tyrannic ſway t' attain,
And feats of war, all inſufficient found:
Witneſs thoſe woman drops, that ſtain'd the cheeks
Of Philip's flatter'd ſon, when nought remain'd
To conquer ſtill. But as yon royal towr's
Thou paſſeſt, long the ſeat of mightieſt kings,
O Iſis, ſtay thy lucent wave, and mark

Our greater Hero. He, with other thoughts
Than to oppreſs mankind, from the loud din
Of popular breath with his reſounded name
Rending the clamor'd air, alone retir'd,
The laſt dear pledge of heaven's high favour ſhewn
Still ſmiling in his fond embrace beſpeaks:
" What mean thoſe ſmiles expreſſive, as from thoughts
Well-pleas'd, and conſcious happineſs? Is it
That nature premature thro' thy young ſenſe
Hath let in reaſon's dawn, and ſhewn thee what
Thou art, the gaudy picture all diſplay'd,
Riches, and realms, and gallant trophies won,
Hereditary thine? Yet ſure not ſo;
For then thy ſcatter'd ſpirits would again
Diſſolve for pity of thoſe precious drops
That ſmear theſe laurels. No, my little one,
Should heav'n with foſt'ring care thy tender age
Confirm, and deign to bleſs my fixt reſolve,
I'll peaceful trophies raiſe, far more renown'd
Than aught that poets ſing, or ſtory feigns,
By hero or advent'rous knight atchiev'd
In brunt of battle'; and milder victories
Tranſmit at length to thy well-tutor'd hand.
So ſhalt thou ſway for many a happy year
This faireſt iſle, the ſeat of liberty,
In undiſturbed peace, thyſelf at once
The praiſe, the love, the wonder of mankind."

Lewis Bagot, B. A.
Son of Sir *Walter Bagot* Bart.
Student of Chriſt Church.

ODE TO ENVY.

WITH inſult rude to mock at woe,
Is devious far from virtue's line;
But thou to all mankind art foe,
And, pale-eyed Envy, I am thine.
From thy dreary diſmal cell,
Where the ſiſter Furies dwell;
Jealouſy with Eye aſcant,
Rancorous Malice lean and gaunt,
And Scandal, that at Merit ſhakes
Her ſcorpion whip of wreathed ſnakes;

O come, and ſee to Britain given
A Prince, the People's warm delight;
A Prince, the favour'd care of heaven,
O ſee, and ſicken at the ſight:
A Conſort form'd his joys to ſhare,
To ſoften every regal care,
In whoſe manners, in whoſe mind
Not thy hundred Eyes can find
Where thy venom'd tooth may bite;
O ſee, and ſicken at the ſight.

Pledge of their loves, celeſtial grant,
See there the royal Infant reſt;
Whoſe opening Virtues ſoon ſhall plant
A thouſand daggers in thy breaſt:
With precepts, drawn from Virtue's page,
To form the ſcion's ductile age,
What pleaſing taſk! their parent-aim
Repaid with all their hopes can frame,
To them what heaven of joy to ſee!
And, Envy, what a hell to Thee!

GRATULATIO

No more of war, no more of arms,
  Thy paſtime, Envy, ſoon ſhall ceaſe;
For hark! the natal pæan charms
  The liſtening jarring world to peace.
Oft as ſhall the circling ſun
Round the ſpangled zodaic run,
This fair ſhoot each circling year
Shall ſome new growth of merit bear;
Muſes ſhall hymn his natal day,
And ſickening Envy dye away.

Joſeph Gunning A. B.
Scholar of C. C. C.

BEneath yon lofty mountain's ſhaggy brow,
  Where oft the hoary bard his magic lyre
Attun'd to lore myſterious, and the vow
To heav'n perform'd, enrob'd in white attire,
Muſing I ſtray'd, while big with thought my mind
Revolving on theſe ſcenes of uncooth hue,
To deeds of antique date rov'd unconfin'd,
While each rude heroe roſe again to view.
Lo! gently ſtooping from his airy flight
A form advanced, whoſe majeſtic pace
And aſpect fair, with heav'nly radiance bright,
Spoke him the kindly Genius of the place.
"All hail, my ſon, he ſaid; the joyful tale
"I bring will gladden happy Cambria's ear,
"Know, a long-wiſh'd-for bleſſing I reveal,
"To Her the tidings of a Prince I bear.
"Great as his birth, from an illuſtrious line
"Deſcended for heroic worth renown'd,
"With equal ſplendor ſhall his virtues ſhine,
"With equal honours his exploits be crown'd.

"Her

" Her ſacred annals ever will unfold
" In faireſt characters great Edward's name,
" His glorious actions wondring you behold,
" And hear with rapture his tranſcendent fame.
" Yet in theſe dregs of time has Heav'n deſign'd
" For Her another fav'rite chief to raiſe,
" Commiſſion'd Hence he comes to bleſs mankind,
" And make a grateful world reſound his praiſe.
" Ere long the tyrant foe, whoſe waſteful world
" Has ravag'd uncontroul'd the nations round,
" Sore griev'd ſhall ſee fair Liberty reſtor'd,
" Himſelf inglorious in her ſhackles bound.
" High mounted on Ambition's reſtleſs ſteed
" See the proud Gaul o'er ev'ry barrier fly,
" In ev'ry quarter ſow contention's ſeed,
" And by his wiles perfidious thouſands die.
" See too Iberia rear her guilty head,
" Her ghaſtly viſage ſmear'd with Indian gore;
" By avarice ſpurr'd ſhe wields her reeking blade,
" And tho' with carnage glutted, craves for more.
" Ambition fell, curb'd by His pow'rful hand
" Soon ſhall thy ſons a juſter ſcepter ſway;
" Oppreſſion's rod no more ſhall ſcourge the land,
" But Peace with ray ſerene ſhall gild the day.
" Haſte then, my Cambria happy Cambria greet,
" With theſe glad tidings animate her breaſt,
" Her ear with ſweeteſt accent they ſhall meet,
" And each corroding care ſoft lull to reſt.
The joyful ſummons chearful I obey,
With willing ſtrains each winding valley fill,
While harps ſymphonious joyn the tuneful lay,
And harmony ſurrounds each vocal hill.
Along the plain they lead the mazy dance,
With nimble foot the ſhepherds beat the ground,
Exulting crouds with mirth and ſong advance,
And Snowden echoes back the ſprightly ſound.

Thomas Horne M. A. Scholar of Trin. Coll.

GRATULATIO

JAM, Superi, Britonum cumulâſtis vota, neque ultra
Poſcimus: En! nova progenies deſcendit Olympo
Regia, cui veniens ætas parebit; et Angli
Accipiunt læto fauſti clamore triumphi.
I levis, aerio curſu pete Gallica, Rumor,
Littora, et ingentem miſeris immitte timorem.
Tempus enim tandem adveniet, cum fœdera pacis
Diſſilient, fruſtra coeuntia: novimus artes
Gallorum; et quæ ſit ſanctis fiducia pactis
Debita, præteriti docet experientia ſec'li.
At caveant: audax animi, patrioque vigore
Ardeſcens, Britonas ſtimulabit ad arma, ſuperbumque
Hiſpanum, et Gallum malefidum vincet, et Indos
Dux novus extremos pugnæ terrore domabit.
Nam quoties Heros bellum ſtragemque ciebit,
Conſtituet toties clari monumenta tropæi
Victor, et ingentes prædas ex hoſte reducet.
Aſt armis belloque licet præclara niteſcet
Angliaci hæredis ſolii imperterrita virtus;
Ille tamen, pacis ſtudioſior, oſtia Jani,
Quandocunque ſalus patriæ ſinet, ærea claudet.
Abſit enim ut furias Pellæi regis, et acrem
Graſſandi paſſim ſine lege imitetur amorem.
Abſit ut idcirco regem ſe credat, ut orbi
Inferat exitium bello, ſpargatque ruinam
Quacunque auſpicium faciet vitioſa libido.
Non tales regale olim moderamen in uſus
Inſtituit genus humanum, dominique potentis
Sponte jugum ſubiit: ſed legum clauſtra tyrannis
Oppoſuit, tutam exoptans Sapientia plebem,
Communique volens regem inſervire ſaluti.
Proh cæcas hominum mentes! circumſpice cunctas
Terræ oras; paſſim regnandi dira cupido
Omnia perrupit legum retinacula; paſſim
Jura ſilent ſpreta, et ſtat pro ratione voluntas.

At tu, terrarum fortunatiſſima, ſalve,
Anglia; te cunctis Libertas prætulit alma
Sedibus; hîc templum fixit, propriamque dicavit
Tellurem: æternos hîc inviolata per annos
Uſque manens, beet extremos infame nepotes
Servitium exoſos, donec milleſimus Anglis
GEORGIUS imperitans ſolio conſidat avito,
Felicemque regat patriis virtutibus orbem.

Joannes Raymond
Coll. Exon. Sup. Ord. Comm.

I. 1.

THE fading gleam of parting day
Forſakes the weſtern ſky,
Now ſhines Diana's chaſter ray
With virgin majeſty;
Her face with milder glory bright
Pales o'er the duſky ſhades of night,
And brings the varied ſcene to view:
The glaſſy lake, the bubbling ſtream,
Again reflect the borrow'd beam,
And take the ſilver hue.

I. 2.

From the deep ſhade of yonder trees
The ſcreaming night-birds call,
While floats in Zephyr's balmy breeze
The diſtant water-fall;
Sad Philomela's warbling throat
Pours forth the ſweetly-mournful note,
And charms the lay-reſounding grove,
Where, trembling at the gentle gale,
The bending fir, and poplar pale,
In ruſhing murmurs move.

I. 3.

What joyful ſounds ariſe! —
Theſe ſtrains of rural muſic ſink,
And ſhrill-ton'd clarions rend the ſkies,
The air a voice of triumph chears —
Behold, an awful form appears
On Cherwell's ſedgy brink!
His azure length of robe behind
Looſely wantons in the wind,
Glowing like the vernal morning
Beams benign his eye-balls ſhed,
Ceres' wealth his brows adorning
Shades his venerable head.
Say, heav'nly Viſion, what theſe notes portend;
Sits white-wing'd Vict'ry on Britannia's arms?
Does proud Iberia to our legions bend,
Or flies the Gaul at Granby's dread alarms,
Or ſtalks on India's ſun-burnt plains afar
The force of Conflict keen, and giant rage of War?

II. 1.

'Far hence, he cried, the tumult's roar
'To diſtant climes ſhall fly,
'Mirth revels now on Albion's ſhore,
'And blithe Feſtivity.
'Ye Muſes, twine each fragrant flower
'To crown with roſeate braids the hour
'Which gave to GEORGE a blooming Heir;
'Ye guardians of this favour'd iſle,
'With graceful pleaſure kindly ſmile,
'Ye Nymphs your wreaths prepare.

'Come

II. 2.

'Come happy babe! delight the lands
'Which time ſhall make thy own;
'Come happy babe! whom Heav'n commands
'To fill a future throne.
'And when the ſacred lore of truth
'Shall gently form thy ripening youth,
'May ev'ry grateful Briton find
'The ſoul of GEORGE's godlike race,
'With lovely CHARLOTTE's ſofter grace,
'Attemper'd in thy mind.

II. 3.

'For thee on Afric's burning coaſt
'Aloft the Britiſh enſign waves;
'For thee by rattling tempeſts toſt
'Their navies awe the Gallic pride,
'On every realm, whoſe hoſtile ſide
'The boundleſs ocean laves; —
'With nobler ſkill and fiercer fire
'Strike the rapture-breathing lyre!
'Hark! — on Cambria's cloud-topt mountains
'Muſic winds her ſtreams along:
'As they flow, the cryſtal fountains
'Liſten to the jocund ſong!
'Lo! glorious ſhades and halcyon days appear
'Fair as the Morn in ſaffron mantle dight, —
'But ſounds divine ill ſuit the human ear,
'And fleeting viſions mock the mortal ſight.'
He ſaid: and ruſhing from my wond'ring eyes,
On rapid light'ning borne, he ſought his native ſkies.

Henry James Pye
Gent. Comm. of Magd. Coll.

GRATULATIO

Ad REGEM.

AUDIN'? impulſis fidibus canoræ
Iſidis circùm ſonuere ripæ:
Noſtra torpeſcet lyra ſub ſilenti
Ilicis umbrâ?
Gaudet optatam celebrare prolem,
Phœbe, Parnaſſi chorus omnis; ipſe
Aureo dulces ſimul excitaſti
Pectine nervos:
Quin et Auguſti ſobolem Parentis
Concinit plectro ferus inſolenti,
Qui bibit vates vaga fabuloſi
Flumina Gangis.
Credimus gratum, Puer alme, tandem
Nuncium Pacis petiiſſe terras
Aſperas bello, nimiâque longùm
Cæde madentes.
Sic, Pater magne O Britonum, perenni
Laureâ cultos decores capillos,
Dexterâ tandem niteat virentis
Termes olivæ.
Interim ſolers Puero recludet
Pallas obſcuros Sophiæ receſſus:
Hinc ubi ingentes poterit parentum
Diſcere laudes,
Audiet Gallos acuiſſe ferrum,
Mox gravi fuſos periiſſe clade;
Audiet pugnas, reduciſque lætos
Pacis honores.
Quam procelloſis agitetur auris
Imperî ſedes referas, GEORGI;
Regios mores, validamque mentem ad
Ardua fingens.

Dumque

Dumque ſervabit memor, in receſſu
Pectoris, magni documenta patris,
Molliter dulci gremio monentis
Oſcula figet,
Figet, et nectet tibi corda mater:
Geſtiet tali veneranda partu:
Læta ſurgenti in titulos avorum
Patria plaudet.

Michael Byrne
Coll. Regin. Sup. Ord. Com.

ODE TO BRITAIN.

FAIR Queen of ocean-crowning iſles!
Whoſe bright eye beams with glory's rays;
To thee tho' Conqueſt lend her golden ſmiles,
Tho' green thy brow with recent bays;
In all thy ſons ſee martial ardour reign,
Each breaſt enkindling with tumultuous joy;
And native fires dart fierce from ev'ry eye,
As ſwells the trumpet's animating ſtrain.
Yet ceaſe awhile our boſoms to inſpire,
Ye clarions ſhrill, nor quell the Muſe's lyre:
To Peace O give the milder hour,
And be the voice of thundering War ſuppreſt;
While Iſis' ſons their filial tranſports pour,
And join the heart-felt joy, that glows in ev'ry breaſt.

O Britain! favour'd e'er by fate!
On diſtant glories turn thine eyes;
The future guardian of thy envied ſtate,
Behold another BRUNSWICK riſe!
Wake the ſweet chord to ſtrains of manly mirth,
And be each heart with grateful raptures gay;
Let Freedom's ſons for ever hail the day,

That ſmil'd indulgent on the princely birth:
Auſpicious day! that twice hath deign'd to ſhine
The harbinger of BRUNSWICK's honour'd line!
Oh! may their patriot cares extend,
The firm ſupport of Freedom's holy cauſe,
To fartheſt times —— ſtill zealous to defend
Britannia's ſacred rights, and guard her injur'd laws.

For this we form the fervent pray'r:
"May ſtill the ſame propitious Pow'r,
"O Albion! ever ſhield thy infant heir,
"That ſmil'd upon his natal hour!
"May ſtill, as time unfolds his tender thought,
"His footſteps trace the mazy paths of Truth,
"Still to his mind, the guardians of his youth,
"In fair array be ſmiling Graces brought;
"Whoſe ſacred charms, in early years impreſt,
"Shall fix their laſting empire in his breaſt."
So, Queen of ocean! ſhalt thou find,
Diſtinguiſh'd high amidſt the patriot train,
Another GEORGE with firm exalted mind!
With early virtues crown'd —— but not an early reign.

Edmund Cartwright
Demy of Mag. College.

LAETUS Britannis ecce dies adeſt
Albo notandus; progenies nova
Demiſſa cœlo, ridet Infans,
Imperii columen futurum.
Salvete, matres Angliacæ; bona
Lucina, ſalve, quotque puerperæ
Caſto cubili præſidetis
Purpurei thalami miniſtræ.

Auguſtus

Auguſtus alter, cælibis exprobrans
Lectum impudicis, ſe facili jugo
Submiſit, exemplumque ſanxit
Conjugio ſtabilique amore.
Nutrita cujus ſub penetralibus
Proles, aviti nominis æmula
Paciſque juſtæ, fæderumque
Arbitra, legitimique belli,
Componet orbem; gentibus inferens
Famam remotis, quà medius liquor
Secernit Europen ab Indis,
Quà tumidus rigat Albis arva.
Potens vaganti fræna licentiæ
Imponere, artes ingenuas ſimul
Ornare cultu liberali,
Et veterum revocare mores.
Videre rurſum jam videor fores
Jani recluſas, jam videor fugæ
Videre ſe dantes Iberos,
Jam rapidum trepidare Gangem.
Quo, Muſa, tendis, temporis exitum
Quærens futuri? Reſpice munera
Præſentis horæ, CAROLETTÆ
Necte piæ, pueroque flores.
Caput recenti cingite regium
Lauru, Camænæ; tollite honoribus
Ad aſtra plenis, et triumphi
Perpetui celebrate pompâ.
Longas Britannis, Dux bone, ferias
Præſtes, tuorum deliciæ, Deos,
Plaudente cœlo, nocte ſerâ
Poſcimus, et redeunte Phœbo.

Guil. Goodenough A. B.
e Coll. Mert.

GRATULATIO

HENCE gloomy Care be far away,
Nor dare behold th' auſpicious day
That crowns Britannia's joy:
Sweetly let the lyre be ſtrung,
Let rapture aid the willing tongue
To ſing the darling Boy.

"O ſpring to light!" Lucina cries,
"Thy parents joy, thy people's prize,"
And ſmiling left her care.
Lo! Diſcord droops her ſullen wings,
And Peace her welcome olive brings
To greet the lovely Heir.

How pleas'd does fancy wing her way,
And hear Britannia ſweetly ſay,
"Theſe ſcenes of bliſs are mine!"
O Babe, already can we ſee
Proud Gallia conquer'd yield to thee,
While every praiſe is thine.

For can the patriot breaſt deſpair,
While GEORGE employs his faithful care,
To form the tender child?
While CHARLOTTE's virtues bright ſhall dart
Their chearing influence on the heart,
Join'd with inſtruction mild?

Hence ſhall the youth (when, ſilver'd o'er
With years, his parents late explore
The glorious realms of reſt,)
By their example fir'd, command
Heaven's and fair Freedom's fav'rite land,
Belov'd, revered, and bleſs'd.

Jer. Roberts of Merton College.

ERGO agite, O ſocii, piceas depellite nubes
Triſtitiæ, pariterque hilari date pectore plauſus;
Securi quid Gallus agit, quid Cantaber audet,
Quas ſtruit inſidias, quas callidus apparat artes:
Hæc cito vana dabit Britonum imperterrita virtus.
En! ut ſemper ovans miles redit, hoſte fugato,
Dum manus exuvias gerit hæc, tenet altera laurum.
En! ſedet infelix prærupta Gallia rupe,
Dumque ſuas naves quaſſas, dum littora gentis
Aſpicit infenſæ, dum caſus mente revolvit,
Exhauſtos loculos, longo commercia bello
Interrupta, ſuos primævo in flore juventæ
Exciſos, lacerat veſtes, pacemque peroptat.
Crinibus en! etiam luget Germania paſſis
Vaſtatas urbes, abductiſque arva colonis.
Nos vero interea felices aurea pacis
Dona beant, nos grata procul diſcordibus armis
Undique tranquillæ circumdant otia mentis.
Dicite Io, pueri; non ſola hæc fata tulerunt
Gaudia, telluris non ſola hæc gloria noſtræ,
Ultima nec venti rapuerunt vota Britannûm.
En etiam regi cœlo demittitur alto
Filius, invalido qui poſtquam dulce levamen
Attulerit GEORGÎ ſenio, virtutibus olim
Inſtructus patriis imponet jura Britannis.
  Inclyta progenies, ſpes O cariſſima gentis,
Salve! Te, votis quem ſæpe vocavimus, omnes
Suſpicimus patriæ columenque decuſque futurum.
Macte novâ virtute, Puer, ſic grata redibunt
Aurea ſec'la tuis, ſic demum pace fruetur
Æternâ populus; quis enim concurrere tecum
Audebit, certæ et tentare pericula mortis?
Te metuens Gallus ſupplex ſua tela reponet,
Cantaber et quæret conjungere fœdere dextram,
Imperioque tuo lætabitur Indicus hoſtis.

M. Breton Coll. Univ. Schol.

GRATULATIO

AGAIN Britannia's bards the feſtive lyre
Attune to grateful melody, and hymn
Their much-lov'd Monarch's offspring: thou meanwhile,
Fair Infant, ſleep'ſt unconſcious, nor the ſong
Ought heedſt, or joyous ſhouts; of regal ſtate,
And ſcepter'd pow'r nought deeming, which erewhile
Shall claim thy juſt attention: nobleſt teſt
Of gen'rous mind, and ſpirits of choicer mould!
For ſtill on envied greatneſs ſhall await
Hard tryal, while full oft th' unbridled tongue
Of rude licentiouſneſs his ear aſſails;
And oft when unſuſpecting Virtue forms
The meditated plan of public good,
Inſidious Malice wreſts th' inverted deed
To ſelfiſh purpoſe of baſe intereſt.
But truce with theſe complaints; no time is now
For ſuch reflexion — happier omens wait
Thy birth, auſpicious Prince, while echoing ſhouts
Proclaim Britannia's joy, and Victory twines
Her glorious wreath around thy Father's brow.
Nor ever let preſumptuous thought arraign
Th' Almighty Giver, who with hand benign
Unnumber'd bleſſings on man's thankleſs race
Scatters inceſſant: hence the tranquil mind,
The home-felt joys, which Envy cannot reach,
Baneful deſtroyer! well the ſtateſman's toil
O'erpaying, and the thouſand anxious cares
That tend the bed of wakeful Royalty.
Nor lightly deem we of domeſtic bliſs,
And all the train of ſocial charities
Which Virtue ſtill approves; but chiefly Thee,
Source of ſecure delight, Connubial Love,
I hail, Heav'ns laſt beſt gift, to him who erſt
In Eden's happy grove his Maker's praiſe

Hymn'd

Hymn'd grateful, ere as yet the Tempter's guile
Had ſoil'd his native innocence, and wrought
Sin, with her comrade Death, to all mankind.
Yet from the nuptial tye and genial bed
Unnumber'd comforts flow, where love meets love
With mutual warmth: ſuch GEORGE's happier lot
From CHARLOTTE's virtue: with endearing lore
She knows to cheat the loit'ring hours, and ſmooth
The wrinkled brow; nor fruitleſs is th' embrace
That Honour ſanctifies and Heav'n approves.
Already to our pious pray'rs is ſent
This ſmiling Infant, pledge of virtuous love.
O then, may He that in thy Mother's womb
Faſhion'd thy tender frame, and wiſely wrought
Th' harmonious texture, ſtill with foſtring care
Protect his work; and form thy op'ning mind
To thoughts of grateful love, and honour pure.
So ſhalt thou ſcorn Ambition's madding lore
Fatal to princes! and the charmed cup
Of fabled Circe, whoſe deceitful taſte
Transform'd to groveling ſwine th' unwary train
Of wiſe Ulyſſes, ſkilful to reſiſt
The proffer'd baits, and baffle all her arts.

Henry Courtenay
Student of Chriſt Church.

GRATULATIO

UNdique dum reſonant vici pæana canentes,
Et face nocturnâ vicinia ruſtica fulget,
En! Tibi prima, Puer, ſuſcepit ludere verſu
Noſtra, nec extimuit reges celebrare, Camœna.
Tu ſortes Britonum meliori conjicis urna,
Te veniente, ſilet Mavors; en victa refugit
Gens Hiſpana, gravi jamjam concuſſa ruina,
Et timet horrendæ Britonum ſe credere pugnæ,
Angligenûm vires experta: en fracta recedit
Gallia, nec rurſum noſtras exaſperat undas.
Te veniente, redit Pax nobis candida, olivæ
Prætendens ramum, capiti nectitque coronam:
Ferrea mox etiam claudentur limina Jani.
At tibi cum teneros artus firmaverit ætas,
Et patris exempli ſtudioſo candida finget
Grande rudimentum generoſo in pectore Virtus;
Suaviter excerpes, quicquid geſſere parentes
Nobile, et aſſiduo creſcet Tibi ſplendor ab uſu.
Sic populo affulgens, ſublimia ſidera tanges
Vertice, dum ſero ſceptrum tua dextera geſtat.
Hinc quando evolves majorum facta, remotum
Ad Gangem Angliacas laurus extendere diſces,
Victor et optatæ ramum immiſcebis olivæ.
Tum famam Alfredi captabis, nomen amatum
Iſicolis, gentiſque olim tutela togatæ.
Quam tibi gratari cupiet Rhedycina, GEORGÎ
Inclyta progenies, dum ſceptrum moribus ornes,
Præſidioque tuo tutari ſit tibi curæ
Muſarumque domos, ſacras & Apollinis arces.
Sic ſi forte annos proavi numeraveris, alter
Cæſar eris, proles magni digniſſima patris.
Mox quando Parcæ perrumpent ſtamina vitæ
Hectoris Angliacis, nobis dominabitur alter
Aſtyanax, decus Angligenis, et gloria ſceptri.

Guilielmus Carolus Dyer
Aulæ S^ti Edmundi Commenſalis.

TO THE KING.

FOrgive, great Monarch, if a ſubject's tongue
Avow the anguiſh that his boſom ſtung,
When, at thy birth, the ſhouts were heard to riſe
In peals of triumph to the echoing ſkies:
That day (yet let me bleſs th' all-ruling pow'r,
Whoſe influence gladden'd death's approaching hour;)
That day a Brother from my eyes remov'd,
A Brother, ever honour'd, ever lov'd.
New to Affliction's ſtroke, my youthful heart
Forgat in Britain's joy to bear its part,
While, deep within, it felt the pang ſevere,
And weeping parents claim'd the ſocial tear.
Yet, could my ſoul thy future worth have known,
Some ray perchance amid the gloom had ſhone,
Chaſtis'd the ſorrow that my mind poſſeſs'd,
And wak'd the patriot flame within my breaſt,
That prompts my lyre the tuneful taſk to ſhare,
And yield its tribute to thine infant Heir.

Though wakeful nights, and days of lengthen'd pain,
Forbid me to extend th' attempted ſtrain,
With joyous zeal I touch the ſounding chord,
And hail the birth of Britain's future lord;
A birth, that, while the taſk by heav'n aſſign'd
To plant each virtue in his op'ning mind,
Shall thy paternal care, O GEORGE, engage,
Auſpicious, to the next ſucceeding age
(Yet late may Britain's eyes the bleſſing ſee!)
Inſures the promiſe of a King like Thee.

James Merrick M. A.
Fellow of Trinity College.

GRATULATIO

PAULLUM ſollicitam liceat depellere curam
Incertoſque metus: Vos demum ignoſcite, belli
Quos clangor rapit ad cædes, ubi tela, ubi flammæ
Funera dant, vaſtamque trahit Bellona ruinam,
Si paullum laſſi ſequimur potiora, novoſque
Aptamus citharæ numeros, nam triſtia rumpit
Feſta dies, ridetque ſecundis Anglia divis.
Tuque etiam rerum qui fers onus, et grave ſceptri
Torques imperium, paullum tibi parce, labore
Parce animum vexare pio, feſtamque ſub horam
Mitte ſevera ſequi, et præbe levioribus aurem.
Nam neque ſat, quod læta tuæ victoria dextræ
Diîs largâ conceſſa manu, quacunque per orbem
Martia diffuſi vexerunt ſigna Britanni:
Quin propiora tibi Dii conceſſere benigni;
Conjugii teſtor placidiſſima fœdera caſti,
Teſtor et hæc, animo ſolatia ſiqua paterno
Cauſa recens tulit, atque hodierni gaudia feſti:
Dum pæana tibi pia patria, dum tibi cantus
Tollit ovans, hilareſque inſtaurat grata choreas.
Annuat his cœli favor, atque hanc proroget horam;
Det tibi, chare Puer, quodcunque aut patrius ardor
Aut caſtæ petiere preces, virtutibus ornet
Illuſtri dignum genere, imperioque futuro.
Interea teneros præſens tutarier annos
Difficiles rerum fluctus, atque horrida tentet
Arma Pater, repetatque ſecundo marte triumphos.
Ille, ætas ſimul ac patitur matura, docebit,
Monſtrabitque vias, quibus invida Gallia, et acres
Incaſſum cecidere minæ, quibus utraque ceſſit
India, perjuruſque ultorem agnovit Iberus.
Et dum tanta ſtupes belli miracula, ſenſim
Concipies tenero ingenuam ſub pectore flammam,
Diſces magna ſequi, patrioſque imitaberis auſus.

Abel Moyſey,
Ædis Chriſti Alumnus.

INFANS, deliciæ et decus tuorum,
Sed nec ſpes populi minor Britanni,
Dum cunis Rhedycina te jacentem
Viſura, in gremio nurûs reclinem
Expleri nequiit diu tuendo,
Aiunt innocuo ſubinde riſu
Et gentem exhilarâſſe te togatam,
Jucundoque tuos notâſſe vultu,
Et tali voluiſſe (ſed loquendi
Deerat copia) voce tum morari:
"Salvete auſpicio, viri, beato
"Noſtris ſub penetralibus recepti,
"Amanteſque meî, mihique amati:
"Muſarum ad placidas domos reverſi
"Regi hæc juſſa renunciate veſtro: —
"Non hæc gratia funditus peribit
"Quam tu, Phœbe, novemque quam ſorores
"De nobis meruiſtis, et meretis:
"Et me, numina, habebitis patronum.
Hos, dilecte Puer, ſonos per annos
Proferre haud licuit tibi volenti,
Sed mox, ſi bonus auguror, licebit.
At donec dederit deus benignus
Et ſentire tibi, ſimulque fari
Quicquid ſenſeris, O Puelle dulcis,
Sis matri interea patrique felix
Curarum medicina: dum viciſſim
Te verſant hilares et oſculantur,
Te laudant, cupiunt, fovent parentes,
Infans, deliciæ et decus tuorum!

Guil. Jones,
Coll. Magd. Sup. Ord. Com.

GRATULATIO

NO more let Britain's ſons repining praiſe
Th' unſullied luſtre of her former days;
No more delight to tell, in boaſtful ſtrain,
Of Edward's, Henry's, or Eliza's reign:
But wiſely learn ſuperior bliſs to taſte,
And to the preſent glories yield the paſt. —
Whilſt here the godlike king, (his youthful mind
By wiſdom's delegated train refin'd)
Exalted ſits, to merit Albion's love,
Her arms advance, her laurel'd arts improve,
Behold at length domeſtic tumults ceaſe,
At length rebellious faction huſh'd to peace; —
Bleſt, early bleſt with royal offspring giv'n
To him and CHARLOTTE, fav'rite Pair of heav'n!
From thee, O king, our patriot chiefs preſage
The bright example of the future age,
Whoſe ſon, when youth freſh-blooming ſhall diſplay
His opening virtues to the face of day,
Shall, taught by thee, thro' life's perplexing road
Trace the ſame ſteps his fam'd forefathers trod,
Purſue the plan which dignifies a throne,
And with thy riper glories mix his own.
From thee Britannia hopes with raviſh'd eyes
To ſee once more her race of heroes riſe,
To ſee thy ſons o'er freeborn men preſide,
Protect their navies, and their ſenates guide;
Curb the vain inſults of deſpotic pow'r,
And bid their vanquiſh'd foes rebell no more.
Lo! ſuch the princes, that with conſcious claim
Share the rich honours of immortal fame;
While India's painted chiefs with joy behold
That peace reſtor'd which form'd their age of gold;
And, where the fruitful groves of Chili bend,
Where Orellana's cataracts deſcend,
Chaunt in blythe ſongs their antient rights maintain'd,
The bliſsful years when GEORGE and CHARLOTTE reign'd.

J. Wilcocks, Portioniſt of Mert. Coll.

Στροφη.

ΚΑΛΑ μεν εν ναπαισιν Ιδαλιαις
Ουρεσινομπκης Αιγειρος
Κραΐ' αειζαλον επαιρει·
Αμφι δε ἁ ῥοδοδακτυλος Αμπελος
Βαλλε πολυπλανεις ωλενας,
Χειμεριων ανεμων τε
Εχθιστον μενος ἐρκει.
Καλος τ' εν βασιλευσιν, ανακτωρ
Βρεταινων, βλαστημα διοτρεφες,
Τηλεθαει Νικης εν αωτῳ,
Και Δοξας νεοθηλεος ακμᾷ·
Ἁ δ' επηρατοισι Χαριτεσσιν
Ιμερθεν θαλλουσα Νυμφα
Ατης ταν καταπαυει αελλαν,
Θυμοτροφαν τε καταιγιδα λυπας.
Ω γαμοι πολυολβοι,
Οιον οἰη συνεδησεν Υμην.

Αντιστροφη.

Επει δε φοινικανθεμου Εαρος
Ομμα δεδυκε χρυσαυγη,
Και ποδι λυγρῳ αμειβει
Χειμα δι' αιθερ' αφιλον, αναλιον,
Μαρναμενων αελλαν ὑπο
Δασκιον κατα δενδρον
Αιγιδεν πολυ ιασει.
Ἁ δε καλλιπαρηος ακοιτις
Θανατῳ συλλεκτος εναιρεται.

GRATULATIO

Εισειν' τ' ὡς εφυγεν
Της ζωης πολυπραγυ ακτις,
Α μελαγχεθης Λαχεσις μολπᾳ
Δυσκελαδ' ἀν ἠρωα κλαυσει·
Χὠ μεν νηλεοποιν' Αϊδης
Δρεψει μελισταγες Ιμερυ ανθος.
Φευδ' οιος Αεν',
Οιν' εσαι Χαριτων ἀωτος.

Επωδη.

Αλλ' ὁ μεν Ελπις ἀδυεπεια
Βεβακε φευδος· αλλα παλαιγενυς
Ριζας απο βλαστησει γεν' ὁμοθρονον
Πατρωιᾳ θαλλον αδροσυνᾳ
Ματρωιῳ τε φαει.
Ουδε γ' ἠρω' καρα φιλομαχον,
Ου Νυμφας φεγγος ευνισει
Λαθας μελαμβαθυς οικος.
Σε δε, παις οβριμοπατρε, Προνοια
Ορᾳ τηλεσκοπῳ ομματι
Εχθος μεγα Βρεταννων,
Πατρωιων τε θρονων κυδος·
Ορᾳ τ' Ηβης ἀωτον,
Ορᾳ καρπον οπωρας,
Ορᾳ τ' εν απογονοισιν
Τυς πατερας πανολβιους.

Guil. Scott,
C. C. C. Discip.

MAgnanimi Heroes, quos in diſcrimina lethi
Urget amor patriæ, virtutiſque inclytus ardor,
Vos, quibus occiduo molitis littore fulmen
Primitias fert diva ſuæ Victoria laurûs,
Dicite vos (meminiſtis enim) quæ, morte ſub ipſâ,
Saucius, aſpiciens ſtragemque fugamque ſuorum,
Effudit Ductor, nequicquam fortis, Iberûm. —
" Arma inimica valent; noſtris ruit invida fatis,
" Cuncta domans, Genii vis imperioſa Britanni.
" Proſtratas agnoſco arces, agnoſco fragorem
" Victoris; ſed non fugientem hæc terra Velaſcum
" Conſpiciet; dum te, Vexillum, imbellibus ulnis
" Amplector, prorumpet hianti e vulnere vita.
" Sic juvat occubuiſſe. Tuam ſed defleo ſortem,
" O Patria infelix, quæ primo in limine belli
" Laberis, atque ictu ſuccumbis ſimplice victa.
" Quæ tibimet ſperanda ſalus? Habet hoſtis opimos
" Theſauros; fruſtra gemit arcto navita portu
" Incluſus; fractis periiſti, Hiſpania, nervis.
" O patria infelix, ſi verba preceſque Velaſci
" Semianimis valeant, pacem pete; porrige dextram
" Suppliciter: noli tactu ſtimulare leonem,
" Quem vindicta rapit, ſocio licet agmine lactet
" Gallia feſſa malis, et ſpe producat inani.
" Pacem ora; auſpiciis GEORGÎ concede ſecundis.
" Verum etiam (quid mens, nimis heu! præſaga, minaci
" Sollicitas ſpecie miſerum?) nunc GEORGIUS alter,
" Altera ſpes Britonum, Hiſpanorumque altera peſtis,
" Naſcitur: exultans centena per oppida plaudit
" Albion; audivit repetitum conſcia murmur,
" Atque imo trepidat Peruvia concita fundo.
" Qualis erit, quales noſtrâ de gente triumphos
" Inclyta progenies referet, cum regius annis
" Venturis genitor confinget ad ardua regni,
" Ingenitum accendens dicto, exemploque, vigorem!

GRATULATIO

" Qualis erit, cui naſcentis ſunt omina famæ,
" Fortunæque, et opes, et captæ nomen Havannæ!"
Dixerat: aſt illi ſolvuntur membra. — Britanni
Fatidicam accipiunt læto clamore loquelam.

Ricardus Lovell Edgeworth C. C. C. Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

FOntium nymphæ, nemorumque divæ,
Flectite huc greſſum, properate Muſæ,
Quærite O! ſpretis Heliconis undis
Iſidis umbras.
Æmula huc pubes citharas feratis,
GEORGII nomen celebrate læti,
GEORGII nomen recinat jocoſa
Montis imago.
Jam redit Virgo, redeunt vetuſti
Regna Saturni, Pietas Pudorque,
Et Fides ultro Britonas reviſet,
Te duce, Cæſar.
Jam mari terrâque manus potentes
Gallus, Hiſpanuſque timet ſuperbus;
Arma jam ponunt pavidi, et Britannûm
Fœdera poſcunt.
Cara Tu pergas ſoboles deorum,
Quo vocat virtus, patriæque ſplendor,
Fidus exemplum proavi et parentis
Grande ſequaris.
En! tibi lauros ſtudioſa laudis
Apparat Pallas, citharâ et volentes
Suſcitat Muſas, recinant GEORGÎ ut
Nomen, Apollo.
Magna ſtirps, ſalve; Jove nam favente,
Dum ſuas Iſis vaga volvit undas,
Rite cantabit Rhedycina GEORGÎ
Nomen amatum.

Carolus Jeſſe, Coll. Trin.

MUnera jam, matres, Junoni ferte Britannæ,
Purpureo lætum cingite flore caput.
Charus adeſt partus — Magnum patris incrementum —
Angliacæ tandem gloriæ gentis adeſt.
Accipit exultans ridentem regia mater,
Ceu natum in gremio Cypria diva fovet.
Quales, alme puer, nectent tibi fata coronas!
Quanta manu invictâ ſceptra futura geres!
Serviet imperiis Indi ditiſſima terra,
Gemmarum et varias prodiga fundet opes.
Accola te Canadæ regem venerabitur unum,
Teque per arentes torridus Afer agros.
Prædas avulſas diverſo ex hoſte videbis,
Armaque terrarum marte ſubacta tuo.
At non Iſis amat rorantes ſanguine lauros,
Turbida non illam cædis imago juvat.
Incumbat, puer alme, tuis pax aurea cunis,
Explicet et frondes dulcis oliva tibi.
Aſpera jam tandem diſcant miteſcere ſecla,
Vultuque eniteat candidiore Fides.
Te tenebras naſcente petat Diſcordia fædas,
Impius et pereat, te veniente, Furor.
Quin aderunt Charites, et pleno Copia cornu;
Et radio ſurget ſplendidiore dies.
Auras mulcebunt ſuavi modulamine Muſæ,
Plenius auratam ſtringet Apollo lyram.
Sic Boreæ terras, longâ caligine merſas,
Vultu cum rediens ſol propiore fovet,
Molles aſpirant zephyri, fugit aſpera bruma,
Floribus et variis luxuriatur humus.
Quæque viret paſſim ramis frondentibus arbos,
Ridet et inſolito lumine ruris honor.

Joannes Petvin,
Coll. Wad. Schol.

GRATULATIO

To the KING.

WHILE ſhouts of Britons thro' thy echoing dome
Proclaim the treaſure brought in triumph home;
While the proud foe on Cuba's diſtant ſhore
Submiſſive hears thy conquering canon roar;
To Thee, lov'd Sovereign! by indulgent heaven
A nobler, dearer boon, a ſon is given;
The riſing Phoſphor, whoſe auſpicious ray
With new effulgence gilds the glorious day.
How loud, how ſweet thy faithful people's voice!
They ſhare the bleſſing, and with Thee rejoice.
What bliſs ere-long thy boſom ſhall expand,
To ſee the future Guardian of the land,
Form'd by thy rules, and led by love, not fear,
The generous plan of Britiſh laws revere!
Studious to copy Thee, he ne'er ſhall ſtray
In treacherous paths, that lead to lawleſs ſway;
Nor indolently waſte his vacant hours
In careleſs eaſe, or pleaſure's Paphian bow'rs:
But, fond to ſhine the father of the ſtate,
Virtuous and wiſe, in legal grandeur great,
His ſteps to honour's rougher road ſhall turn,
And with a ſubject's love of freedom burn.
Heir to thy worth, Britannia's favourite born,
Him ſhall true glory's brighteſt beams adorn.
Peace he ſhall love, and juſtice; yet prepare
His youthful vigour for the toils of war;
The feuds of angry monarchs to compoſe;
In every clime to quell Britannia's foes;
And by ſuperiour naval force mantain
His country's ancient empire o'er the main.
Ev'n now I ſee him call each virtue forth,
Fir'd by examples of domeſtic worth;
Admire the bold Plantagenets, and trace
The valorous worthies of his Vandal race;

Delighted

Delighted dwell on pious Alfred's claim
To high diſtinction in the liſts of fame;
On Edward's deeds in Creſſy's glorious field;
On Her's, who taught Iberia's pride to yield;
And William's merit, to whoſe glorious reign
We owe bleſt freedom from the papal chain,
The glories which around Britannia ſhine,
Our legal bleſſings, and the Brunſwick line.

Silas Bradbury,
Comm. of Wadh. Coll.

SI qua fides ſomno eſt (namque ab Jove ſomnia ſæpe
Haud vana eveniunt) fauſto natum omine regi
Auguror hæredem, fauſto natum omine genti.
Nuper enim, memini lætus, quo tempore primum
Ore diem rauco criſtatus provocat ales,
Viſus adeſſe mihi Morpheus, nec imagine rerum
Veſtitus variâ, nec res abſque ordine fundens,
Sed clara ante oculos veriſque ſimillima pandens.
Poſtquam jam ſenſus mentemque paraverat omnes
Rite videre dolos, ſubito me corripit alis
Arduus aëriis, motuque per æthera portans
Inſolito, antiquas tandem prope collocat arces,
Fragrantemque torum juxtà, cui regius infans
Impoſitus, placido carpebat pectore ſomnum.
Quem circum inſueto huc illuc volitare miniſtri
Ætherii vultu: talis ſe candor in ore
Oſtendit formoſo, et non humana venuſtas.
Dum mecum hæc meditor, tacituſque in mente revolvo,
Agnoſco tandem, ſanctoſque ſaluto penates.
Illi, quiſque ſuas Puerum circa ordine partes

Suppeditant læti; ſeu dulcem infundere ſomnum,
Seu circùm purgare auras, atque addere ſuccos
Nutrices, cuniſque ſalubrem aſpergere rorem.
Quin etiam annorum moderator falciger ipſe
Mitis adeſt ſenior, nec inanem ſedulus artem
Exercet: paullatim infantis creſcere vires
Aſpice quâ præſtat curâ! quam molliter artus
Demulcet teneros, et vultus format et ora!
Jam ſemel ire piger, celereſque reſumere curſus.
"Sic tibi, nate," inquit, "vellem ſervire fidelis
"Semper, honoratiſque dies afferre diebus.
"Sic gremio geſtare meo, perdura ſororum
"Juſſa trium avertens, et nil miſerantia fata.
"At tibi, tempus erit, cum me vis durior Orci
"Et Parcæ immites cogent abrumpere vitam,
"Quod longè avertant, veniat dum cana ſenectus!
"Namque ego, ſi tibi quid poſſem conamine tali,
"Abjicerem prius impatiens mea tela, retroque
"Irruerem curſu, quam te proſternerem iniquo
"Ictu, præripiens properatâ morte juventam.
"Et cum mortis adeſt non evitanda ſagitta,
"Noſtrum erit, æternos famam recitare per annos,
"Perpetuiſque notis nomen ſacrare GEORGÎ."
Dixit: et aſpiciens tantâ jam ſegnius horas
Ire morâ, revocare diem feſtinat: at ille
Splendidus exoriens, radios immittit ocellis,
Et ſimul in tenues inſomnia diſſipat auras.

J. Wenham, A. B.
Coll. Vig.

Ad REGEM.

QUO juvat uſque novis orbem decorare tropæis,
Inclyte rex? Ubi feſſa pedum veſtigia figet
Muſa ſecuta tuos mundum per utrumque triumphos?
Nam neque laurigeras cepere Feretria pompas
Templa Jovis toties; toties neque Romula proles
Barbara votivis affixit poſtibus arma.
Reſpice quæ potiora domi te gaudia poſcunt!
Exue tela manu, nec dedignere parentis
Molle miniſterium, voto majore potitus.
En tibi quem prodit, partu jam læta virili,
Salva per integros Auguſta puerpera menſes!
Altera ſpes oritur Britonum, nomenque beatum
Georgius en alter, divûm certiſſima proles!
Tuque puer, (ni magna deûm nos omina fallant)
Quanta virûm ſpolia, et, domitâ tellure, tropæa
Victor ages olim, cui primo in limine vitæ
Tantis intremuere Britannûm plauſibus aures,
Tractaritque manus patrias infantula lauros!
Nec pacem interea, nec muſas pacis alumnas
Poſthabeas; pater hoc naſcenti præcipit, inter
Serpere victrices lauros patiaris olivam.
O pacem, et decus, et quicquid ſupera aſtra precamur,
Donature tuis, miſeris ſuccurrere præſens
Regibus, ipſe valens dextrâ labentia ſceptra,
Et Luſitani ſpes ſuſtentare caducas;
Si, Pater, exiguis dignere accedere chartis
Maxima materies, humilem ne reſpue muſam,
Quæ te verſiculis adhibet, thalamoſque feraces,
Infantiſque novi circum cunabula ludit.
Felix, qui digno creſcentem carmine famam
Cantabit, matura virum cum fecerit ætas,

GRATULATIO

Æmulus ac poſſit laudes didiciſſe ſuorum!
Audiet ille patri ſimilis; ſpes maxima fractis
Gentibus, Europæque ſalus: nec pulcrius olim
Ullum de claro lucebit ſidus Olympo.

Robertus Freind, A. B.
Ædis Chriſti Alumnus.

HIther, ſwains! who, whiſtling blythe,
Drive the team, or wield the ſcythe,
Hither, Nymphs! who late were ſeen
Rakeing the new-ſhaven green,
Hither to theſe ſhades repair,
Merry lads! and merry fair!
Hither come, and ſport, and play,
This is Cupid's holy-day.

By the ſilver waves, that ſteal
Soft along yon winding vale,
By the radiant blaze of morn,
Gilding bright each pearly thorn,
By the ſilken gales, that fly
Wanton thro' the cloudleſs ſky;
Hither come, and ſport, and play,
This is Cupid's holy-day.

Hither from yon ſunny bank,
Laughter, come, with many a prank!
Where beſide the limpid ſpring
Murm'ring ſweet, you gaily ſing,
Where in zoneleſs veſt you call
Echo from her moſs-rob'd wall,
Hither come, and ſport, and play,
This is Cupid's holy-day.

Here

Here the Graces hand in hand,
Decent form the ſocial band.
Here, in pureſt white array'd
Innocence, celeſtial maid,
Bids th' expanded ſoul to flow,
Bids the raptur'd boſom glow,
Bids us ſport, and bids us play,
This is Cupid's holy-day.

Hither, clad in rural dreſs,
Every ſoft-ey'd ſhepherdeſs!
Hark! the youths impatient ſay,
Leave your cotts, and come away —
Come, O, come, ye virgin train!
Leave your cotts, and ſeek the plain,
Seek the plain, and ſport, and play,
This is Cupid's holy-day.

Now in order meet advance,
Shift the foot, and weave the dance,
Trip it ev'ry well-match'd pair,
Mirthful, gay, and debonair,
While the trembling muſic flotes,
Richly wild, in ſprightly notes.
While you carol, as you play,
This is Cupid's holy-day.

Grateful now the chorus raiſe
Io Hymen! to thy praiſe,
Io Hymen! be the ſong,
Ever bright! and ever young!
Hymen! whom in Cyprus' grove
Virtue form'd the friend of Love.
Sing of Hymen! ſport, and play,
This is Cupid's holy-day.

GRATULATIO

Should a ſtranger liſt to know,
Whence our ſimple, ruſtic ſhow?
Why in vain the corn demands,
Bending corn, the reaper's hands?
Why your balmy fingers bind
Chaplets that may ſcent the wind?
Tell him, as ye ſport, and play,
This is Cupid's holy-day.

Tell him, from her ſacred bow'r
Venus ſends a fav'rite flow'r,
Such, as when, to bleſs the earth,
She gave her little urchin birth;
Say, there's not a god but gives
Fragrance to the riſing leaves:
Hence you ſport, and hence you play,
This is Cupid's holy-day.

Then, if aught in worth he's read,
Temper'd brave, or nobly bred,
Drop, ye clouds, your mildeſt dews,
Feed its ſtalk! and nurſe its hues!
Ever may the buds be ſeen
Lively, blooming, freſh, and green!
Thus he'll wiſh; and ſport, and play,
Hailing Cupid's holy-day!

Sam. Nott, A. B.
Fellow of Worceſter College.

O qui volenti jura Britanniæ
Daturus olim mollia, luminis
Inviſis oras, atque, plauſu
Unanimi comitante, prodis:
En! quæ futuri gaudia ſubditi
Teſtentur! en quam lætitiam gerant
Vultûſque cordiſque, et paterni
Regni aditum tibi gratulentur!
Jam ſentit orbis te dominum fore
Maris ſupremum; nec minus imperî
Terrâ tenebis ſceptra, toto
Littoribus metuente mundo.
Naſcenti honores Pierides ferunt
Suos; alumnis carmina præcipit
Apollo, nec tali triumpho
Se comitem Rhedycina lætam
Recuſat: atqui tu cave munera
Spernas Camœnarum; uſque ſuum decus
Doctrina ſervet; quin et ipſe
Da monitis patienter aurem.
Te mille poſthâc illecebræ petent;
Quot Aula molles blanditias habet,
Tentabit; et fervens juventa,
Conſilium renuens ſeverum,
Virtutis aſprum linquere tramitem
Suadebit; at tu reſpice patrios
Mores, nec hæredem dolentes
Degenerem videant Britanni.
Neſcis libido ſpreta quot afferat
Et quanta ſecum gaudia; ſunt bonis
Suæ voluptates, neque unquam
Pœnituit coluiſſe ſacra

GRATULATIO

Virtutis ullum jura: ſed infimæ
Utcunque plebi ſordeat, at decus
  Perenne ſit regum, ſupremum
    Neu ſolium temerata linquat.
En! quanta patri gloria propriâ
Virtute parta eſt! cordibus imperat
  Ultrò ſubactis, et Britannûm
    Delicias veneratur orbis.
En! Brunſvicorum ſtemmatis alterum
Decus, FRED'RICUM! quantus in hoſtium
  Ruens catervas ingruentes,
    Agmina conſociata ſpargat!
Seu pacis artes excolat, et rudes
Domet Boruſſos legibus, aut lyram
  Tractet, Minervæ laude ſplendet,
    Marte potens, pariterque Phæbo.
Hæc te ſequentem exempla decus manet
Æquale; ſeu te bellica gloria
  Tangat, vel, humani cruoris
    Parcior, anteferas olivam.

Tho. Hull,
Coll. Exon. Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

אשרי המלך ירא יהוה
ובחסר עליון יבטח
יברכהו אלהיו
והקים כסאו לעולם ועד:
תקדמנו ברכות וטוב
ובישעתך תעירהו
תבנה ביתו בית עולמים
ובניו ככוכבי שמים:
יזרח בכורו כזרח הילל
וראשית אונו כנוגה השמש
על כסא אבותיו יקום
ושבט לא יסור ממנו:
מעתה תנח עליו רוח אלהים
ובעת זקנתו לא תעזבנו
גוים תחת רגליו ידבר
ועורף אויביו ישבור
כהנדוף עשן כן יאבדו
ובשר שונאיו תאכל חרבו:
יראו כל שפטי ארץ
יביטו כל יושבי חבל
וידעו כי יד יהוה עשתה זאת
וזה מעשה אלהינו:
כי בחרת בישראל לנחלה
ובעמך לאחוזת עולם
מלכך על במתי ארץ תרכיב
וישועות דוד תראהו:
ואנחנו עם מרעיתך
נברך שמך לעולם
ודברנו בנפלאותיך יהוה
מודים חסדיך לנצח נצחים:

John Moore,
Coll. Div. Joh. Bap. Soc.

GRATULATIO

TOllat Io plenos jam læta Britannia plauſus,
Votiviſque ſacræ redoleſcant thuribus aræ.
Inſula fortunata nimis, tua ſi bona noris!
Expectata ſalus, ſpes temporis Ille futuri
Naſcitur; — ah! quoties laſſaſti ſidera votis,
"Naſcere, Io, clamans, puer inclyte, naſcere gentis
"Et ſpes ſollicitæ, charæque decus CAROLETTÆ;
"Solamen patriæque patrique!" hinc candida Virtus
Mille addit veneres, patriaſque in pectore dotes,
Egregiæ ſoboli; proprioque exultat alumno
Juſtitia: inſolitos hinc diva Britannia plauſus
Tollit, Io pæan, circumſonat undique tellus,
Et nemore Aonio teſtantur gaudia muſæ.
O infans dilecte deo, ſpes ultima gentis!
Fortunate, tibi riſerunt numina quæque
Naſcenti: — varios caſus et tædia belli,
Fataque regnorum, ſceptrique inamabile pondus,
In te ſpem ponens certam, obliviſcitur, olim
Sollicitus, Pater; invigilans tibi brachia collo
Dat mater, vultus attento lumine luſtrans,
Nec queritur duros, te ſoſpite læta, dolores.
Quinetiam et luſus, et cætera ludicra ponens,
(Cum jam firmarit mentem robuſtior ætas)
Aſpera doctrinæ tentabis; ſternet eunti
Ipſa Miverva viam; illa aderit tibi, nobilis infans,
Quid deceat, quid non, quid turpe, quid utile monſtrans:
Dum patris exemplum te format ad ardua regni,
Sive colas bellum, aut felicis munera pacis.
Fortunata parens! tibi caſti numina amoris
Participem tribuere, et neſcia fallere corda.
Ah quoties tenerum complectens leniter ulnis
Cernet ovans veneres CAROLETTÆ, cernet honorem,
Et majeſtatem teneris ſplendeſcere in annis,
Et tenero ſuperincumbens dabit oſcula nato!

O felix

O felix CAROLETTA; tuos confirmet amores
Hoc thalami pignus: ſerum demittat in ævum
Brunſvici genus: et patrias in pectora prolis
Transfuſas ſpectet ſecura Britannia dotes.

Carolus Wake, Bar. Fil. natu tertius,
Coll. Div. Joh. Bapt. Commenſ.

Ωναξ Αλκιονη μεδεων, σοφε κοιρανε λαων,
Οι μεν μωσοπολοι χρεω Ισιδος ευρεϊταο
Αρχομεν ευφροσυνας, ὁτι παις αγαπατος εγεντο,
Τον Χαρολεπα τεκεν θαλαμος κυδος νεογραπτος·
Α δε την κραδιην ενι δεσμοις ποτνα νεοισιν
Δησε μαχαιρα δαμαρ, ψυχα και ζωα ανακτος·
Μηκετι δ' ωδινεν τρομεει, βελος Ειλειθυας
Μηκετι οι φοβεροιν, την βωσατο λυσιζωνον.
Ω' ναι' ω ματερ, Χαειτων τεκος ιμεροφωνων,
Χαιρε μεγ' αιδοια· συ γαρ ωδακοιτις αμωμων
Εσσι θεμισοπολε βασιληος, ὁν ευφρανες αρτι
Τως θαλαμως σεψασα, καλον δ' αναθρεμμα τεκουσα.
Τεις μακαρ ω βασιλευ· συ δε φρασσαο, ποτνια ματερ,
Ουχ' αρ' εχει γλυκυ τ' εν μαλακησιν χερσι φορησαι
Πρωτοτοκον σεο παιδα, και ομμασιν ενθα και ενθα
Παπηναι ερατω μεν εοικοτα ϊδεα πατρι;
Μοι δε δοκεις, βασιλευ, μακαρεσσι θεοισιν ὁμοιος,
Ιζανειν ὁς δυνασαι αλοχω ωδα σῃ Χαρολεπῃ,
Α γε καθαπομψη πολυ, κ' εν κολποισι τρεφουσα
Παιδα πεειξ ἁπαλω σωματος κε πεδερχεται ἁδυ.
Χὡταν λῃς λυπαν κραδιης απο λυσεμεν, ω' ναξ,
Ω, λαοι επιτερφαται και τοσσα μεμηλε,
Παις ὁ θεος δεδαως παπταζεμεν ἁδυ λαλησει,

GRATULATIO

Γεν' επεας πατερ· συ δε γηθοις δακρυα χεουσας,
Νηπιαχον σεο παιδα καλεν μαλα πυκνα φιλασεις.
Ει δ' αρα Μωσ' επιμως μαντευεται, ουδε γαρ αλλως
Χρη μαντευσασθαι, ὅτις ἑτος αμμιμονι πατρι
Εσεται ισος, επει ρα μιν ανερ ες μετρον ελθη,
Γεναμμοιν κυδος, μεγα φως οφελος τε βροτοισιν·
Ηδε πολυκλαυτου λαοις πατρος οψε θανοντος,
Παντες γαρ θνατοι πελομεθ' αφατοι τε φατοι τε,
Ου τι κατα φρενας οἱ πολυμηϊα εργα μελησει,
Ησυχα δ' ειρηνη φιλιος βρετονεσσιν αναξει.

Tho. Clark,
Coll. Div. Joh. Bapt. Schol.

AD REGEM.

CReſcere præclaram dum ſpectat America pubem
Læta ſub auſpiciis, Rex generoſe, tuis,
Suaviter æſtivos Britones, te ſoſpite, ſoles,
Hibernoſque vident gratiùs ire dies.
"O ſuperi, nobis propria hæc ſint munera," Phœbo
Haſce oriente edunt, haſce cadente preces.
Ecce, tibi fauſto nunc omine naſcitur infans,
Noſtra nec iratis ſunt data vota notis.
Illum idem rex eximius genitorque docebis,
Quæ deceant regem munia, quæque virum.
Illum ad delubrum veri pia mater honoris
Ducet, et ad Charitum, quas amat ipſa, chorum.
Pacificos placidi hinc regis non temnet honores;
Illum hinc gloriolæ non agitabit amor.
Diliget ingenuas artes, cupietque vocari
Libertatis amans, deliciæque virûm.

Ingenii

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

Ingenii dotes placido mitiſſima vultu
  Et colet, et cultas turba novena canet.
Nec ſpernet, gratæ quæ præbent dona Camœnæ,
  Cùm ſciat has regum facta vetare mori.
Dumque volet ſummâ titulos virtute mereri,
  Ad famæ culmen nobilis ardor aget.
Hæc ubi conſpiciet, quis non utriuſque parentis
  Egregia excipiet plauſibus acta Brito?
Et, "GEORGÎ, (dicet) ſemper det veſtra propago
  "Et patriæ patres, conſimileſque tibi."

Wadham Wyndham,
Coll. Wadh. Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

ON that auſpicious day, when Britain's ſons
With ſuppliant voice invok'd all-gracious heav'n
For bleſſing on the royal babe; at eve
By pleaſing contemplation led I ſtray'd
Where Thames nigh Windſor pours his cryſtal tide,
Rolling to great Auguſta's citadel
The gen'rous tribute of his copious urn.
Nature thro' all her works triumphant join'd
Her joyful revels, ſave the ſilver moon;
She o'er yon eaſtern hill in ſilence ſeem'd
To liſten, and reſtrain her courſe to hear
The univerſal ſhout of Albion's iſle.
As on I mus'd in deep attention loſt,
Sudden aerial ſounds ſalute my ear,
Like ſuch as in ſweet whiſp'ring accents drop
From leaves juſt fann'd by zephyr's ſofteſt breeze.
Trim fairy elves ſoon caught my wond'ring ſight,
Wheeling with printleſs foot their airy rounds
O'er moſſy bank, while glow-worm's moment lamp
Dim-twinkled thro' their clear pellucid form.

To the apt moments of their magic dance
They ſang, how preſent at the royal birth,
Each had the tender infant form impreſs'd
With all that's fair and all that's beautiful.
Hark! The ſweet ſong ſtill ſtrikes my raviſh'd ear:
Hither all ye fairy powers,
Haſte from your celeſtial bowers;
Whether in yon region high,
Or in cowſlip's bell ye lie,
Feaſting on the pearly dew,
That diſtills freſh ſweets for you;
To conclude this feſtive day,
Come, ye dapper elves away.
E're the ſun his beams had ſpread
O'er yon mountain's duſky head,
E're the bee this morn did ſip
Food from roſebud's velvet lip:
Oberon! of race divine,
Shedding influence benign,
Say, how you with all the throng
Studious of enchanting ſong,
Sooth'd the royal mother's breaſt
With maternal care poſſeſt,
Whiſp'ring to her raviſh'd mind
Future bleſſings, hopes refin'd,
Days of glory, fame enſur'd,
Faction blaſted, peace ſecur'd:
Whilſt ye ſat with rapt'rous joy
Brooding o'er the princely boy,
Charms infuſing quick as thought,
Charms with ſubtleſt magic fraught,
Breathing beauty o'er his face,
Virtue's beauty, virtue's grace.
Happy babe! whoſe willing breaſt
Quick receiv'd the ſtamp impreſt:

Happier parents, who ſhall ſee
All their worth unite in thee.
To conclude this feſtive day,
Come ye dapper elves away.
Thus ſang the elfin ſprights: and now the moon
Had gain'd mid heaven, when the airy crew,
Mounting the ſubtle texture of her beams,
Fled thro' the regions of unbounded ſpace
To realms unviſited by mortal eye.

W. Benſon Earle, A. B.
of Merton College.

NAſcere, Io, nitidoque caput, ſol, exere cœlo;
Exere, qualis ubi, ſacros miſeratus honores
Imperii, ſtabilire unum de millibus, unum
Brunſvicûm Angliacis voluiſti adlabier oris,
Liberaque effuſis commercia fervere portis.
Naſcere, et æterno quoties remeabilis ortu
Annus eat, ſit fauſta dies, ſit lucis origo
Sanctior: en! tecum qui mox primordia vitæ
Ordinet, et gratus referat cunabula prima,
Naſcitur in ſolium, cui parva in pectora ſentit
Transfundi patrias lætata Britannia dotes.
Ille, licet tener in cunis ſine viribus infans
Incubet, ille olim nec avis ataviſve minorem
Se dabit, aut virides cernet marceſcere laurus.
O dilecte puer, gravidos tibi ſternit honores
Autumnus, tibi flaventi ſubridet ariſtâ
Dives ager, zephyrique tuum genitalior aura
Adventum exhilârat. Non triſtia bella quietem,
Non ſi tetra quatit motum diſcordia mundum,
Non tuba terribilis ſomni levis otia rumpet.

Scilicet hinc longè crudeles imbuat enſes
Ruſſia, quà ſolio exultans impunè, recenti
Sanguine jam perfuſa ſedet Catharina mariti:
Cui modo contigerat ſi fors imitarier artes,
Prædulcis CAROLETTA, tuas, quæ lumine pectus
Sanctum ornas, ubi purus honos, ubi mille decenter
Conjurant veneres; jam nunc regnique toriquc
Optima vixiſſet ſocii et fidiſſima cuſtos.
Aſpice ut inſtratus pompâ venerabilis hæres
Regali jaceat! quali ſpectabilis ore
Emicet in lucem! nec vero luce refulſit
Clarior Æneas, purâ cum evanuit æthrâ
Nubes circumfuſa, Venus licet ipſa decorem
Maternum nato genetrix, lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, lætoſque oculis afflârit honores.
Interea tu creſce, puer, creſcentibus annis
Clarior, infantiſque licet nunc inſula famam
Limitibus certis arctoque coerceat orbe,
Emineas; neque enim, cum firma acceſſerat ætas,
Creta deum tenuit vinctum, non ultimus orbis
Enitenti animo aut ingentibus obſtitit auſis.

Chriſtophorus Taylor,
Coll. Magd. Semicom.

HAIL Euterpe, nymph divine,
Faireſt of the tuneful nine;
At thy chearful altar, ſee,
Low I bow the willing knee,
As on this auſpicious day
Forth I pour the votive lay,
When to crown a nation's prayers,
And relieve a monarch's cares,

On

On high deeds of goodneſs bent
Heaven a royal ſon has ſent,
Glory's brighteſt days to prove
In a free-born people's love,
Bleſt, and bleſſing to beſtow
Every joy that mortals know.
Ever ſacred be the morn,
Princely babe, that ſaw thee born:
Kindeſt influence on that hour
Friendly ſtars conſpired to pour:
Sought to bleſs the ſubject earth,
Sought to bleſs — and give Thee birth.
Heedleſs for herſelf awhile,
See the tender CHARLOTTE ſmile!
She amidſt a mother's throes
Looks of love on thee beſtows;
Sweeteſt prince, one ſmile employ
To compleat a parent's joy.
Lo! around, the matron band,
Pleaſing taſk! attentive ſtand:
Duty, love, and joy combin'd,
Captive hold each anxious mind.
But not words, nor numbers faint
GEORGE's heart-felt bliſs can paint,
How his conſcious looks expreſt
Softeſt paſſions in his breaſt,
When, to his delighted ear
Proud the pleaſing news to bear,
Fame enraptur'd did relate
Favour'd Albion's happy fate.
While from every hill around
Notes of public joy reſound,
Riſing from his wat'ry bed
Britain's Genius rears his head:
Proudly tow'ring to the ſkies
See his awful form ariſe,

Hear him pour this ardent prayer
O'er the much-lov'd monarch's heir;
" On him ſhed, indulgent heaven,
" Choiceſt gifts to mortals given,
" Every bleſſing may he ſhare,
" Every virtue be his care;
" From example form'd to be
" Noble, good, and wiſe as He,
" Who, of every grace poſſeſt
" That adorns a monarch's breaſt,
" Strives, nor can he ſtrive in vain,
" O'er his people's hearts to reign."

William Grove, B. A.
Fellow-Commoner of Oriel Coll.

VOS quæ regali lætantes hoſpite, feſtas
Certatim choreas agitis, nî forte morentur
Egregiæ vultus CAROLETTÆ, et forma, Miniſtræ
Salvete illuſtres; neque enim vos muſa tacebit
Felices, quarum ſubiit bene credita tectis
Spes Britonum, ſubiit GEORGÎ dulciſſima conjux,
Dimidiumque animæ: vos illam, ſedula turba,
Stipantes, cùm jam partus enixa jaceret,
Lucinæ officio lenîſtis ſoſpite curas.
Naſcentis pueri primas vos aure fideli
Hauſiſtis voces, regni præſaga beati
Omina. Vidiſtis crebro repetita parentum
Oſcula et amplexus, et vota ardentia; ut ore
Penderent avido, lachrymas ut muta cieret
Lætitia: expleri poterant neque corda tuendo
Maternumque decus, majeſtatemque paternam.
Vos quoque vidiſtis pompam, cum Palladis urbe
Emiſſus, veſtris ſuccederet ordo togatus

Limi-

Liminibus, memor officii; cum leniter infans
Rideret cunis, molli cervice reflexa,
Se genti Iſiacæ ſpondens muſiſque patronum. —
Vos ſalvete Lares! puerum defendite, gentis
Exaudite preces; ſic veſtros nulla receſſus
Fortuna obturbet, foribus ſed rite corollam
Votivam nectant Britones; vos carmine dicant,
Fauſtum anno volvente diem: mox laudis amore
Concitus, ille etiam, vagit qui parvulus aulâ
Brunſvicius, ſpolia his aptabit victor opima
Poſtibus, hic quæſita haud uno ex hoſte tropæa,
Hic arma, hic currus olim, ſoliumque locabit.
Ter ſancti ſalvete Lares, domus inclyta ſalve!
Dignatur Caroletta ſuum cui imponere nomen;
Ante alias celebranda domus! licet alta ſuperbas
Vinſoria oſtentet turres, licet æmula ſurgat
Ædibus et viridi ridens Hantonia ſaltu.

Euſeb. Iſham,
Coll. Magd. Semicom.

GEeorgî, venuſte Infantule,
Quem læta parturit Venus,
Et blanda fingit Gratia,
Oris tui nitens color,
Frontiſque regiæ decus,
Et forma multum fulgurans,
Amoris accendit faces.
Auguſte, lacte purior,
Ipſoque melle dulcior,
Ipſaque luce blandior,
Naſcente te, jam naſcitur
Suprema gloria Angliæ.
Ornant tuas comæ genas,

Ut palma viret frondibus;
Fulgent ocelli lucidi,
Sol ut coruſcans fontibus;
Fulgeſcit ore purpura,
Ut verna pullulans roſa
Odore ſuavi germinans.
Cupidines en! circiter
Protervitate luſitant:
Invecta bigis Cynthia
Diffundit argenti jubar;
Phæbuſque lumen æmulum
Miratur in cunabulis.
Pater ſatorque temporum
Tibi benigna ſidera,
Dieſque finxit aureos.
Te, te benignus reſpicit
Sublimis ille, caſtus, et
Prænobilis GEÖRGIUS;
Et fovet amato ſinu,
Et mille figit baſia,
Et filiorum filios
Promittit, iſto ſtemmate
Beans futura ſecula;
Nec bella pallet fervida,
Ramos olivæ porrigens.
Tu regna firmas, et ſacro
Tu corda nectis compede:
Patriſque laudes exprimes
Infantulus balbutiens.
O quam jucundi erunt dies,
Cum jura dabis Angliæ.

Franc. Finch, **A. B.**
Coll. **Div. Joh. Bap. Soc.**

Y twr-wnn, a daranodd,
Ergydiau i'r rhiwiau rhôdd;
Bloedd o nenn, heb lâdd neb;
Sŵn etto, ſy'n ei atteb;
Daeth i gluſt; hyd eitha gwlad;
Yr awyr a hŷllt ái ruad;
Clybu gymru, llŷ, a llan,
A'r holl dirioedd, 'r hyll daran:
Ein brynniau, a'n creigiau cro'ch,
(Wych-glau ſwn) chwy a glowſoch;
Fod eginin, brenin bri,
(Gwŷwl inu) ogael ei eni:
Clawdd inu os bydd, cledde Spain;
Yn bwriadu drwg Brydain:
Mewn crûd gwiw-lwys y gwela,
Ryw ardderchog dywyſog da:
Undewrwych, y'no 'n deran,
'N crio a geir (un crŷ, a gwan)
Heb flino ei ceir, blaenor câd
I'w Gaſeion, gwae ei ſuad;
Cene llew, yn cnoi, llid
Ir Hyſpaenwyr, oes penyd:
(Swydd-fawr) ar ei orſedd-faingc
Bydd erchyll ffrewyll i ffraingc:
Mae' nês aros, oes euredd,
A ddaw i'r byd â hyfryd hêdd;
Gyda' llawnder, mwynder maith,
Pur-ffydd, a chariad perffaith;
Medd ſybil-iw hîl ài hâd;
Bydd dewr-nawſedd deyrnaſiad;
Pan wiſcio huno ein hjôr
A garwn; a mynd o'n goror;
Mae ini, iw enenio,

GRATULATIO

Yn frenin, byddin y bo
Boed gwellhâd (y byd erllês)
Fron heini i'r Frenhines;
Mam lliaws, hynaws boed hon,
Aerod dewr-wych (rai tirion)
I'r goron, (gwyr o gariad)
Doed mîl o'u tŷ, mâl eu tâd.

Hugh Jones,
Coll. Oriel.

נגילו הנה נער נולד למלך
נגילו כי שר לנו נתן:
אשרי אנחנו והו עם היטיב
שא ראשך הים והנשאו נהרות
גם רבות איים יעלזו:
כי בא כי בא לשפוט עם בצדקה:
ותבל למשול באמונתו:
יהי כעץ שתול על פלגי מים
אשר בו פריו פרי צדקה:
ילכו יונקותיו על כל ארץ
ושלום מאדמה יניץ:
הנה יבאו כל גוים יחדיו
הם והם בצלו ירבצו:
על כן ביום הזה נרון
בזמרות נריע לצור תאותינו:

Henricus Rigby,
Coll. Wadh. Schol.

Στροφη α'.

ΣΕΛΑΝΑ ελθ', αργυροχωκλον
Φεγγος αἰλιωδες,
Λαμπροις ελθ' ἱπποις βασιλισσα
Νυκτος ατρεμαιας,
Ὡς πρ, σωεχουσα διφρον λοξον,
Δρυιδων πολ' αιες μελοποιων,
Τεμνει σελας ἀδυπνοῳ ναπαι-
σι τε δενδροφυταις προχεουσ'· εν ἑδραις δ'
Οφθητε φαεινως,
Ασερες απλανητοι.

Αντιστροφη β'.

Επικτε γαρ γαια Βρεταννις
Φιλτατον λοχευμα,
Ποιησον λαῳ μεγα χαρμα,
Ζηνος ευαρεστον
Δωρον τ'αγαθον τελεσει δ' αυτος,
Βλαβος εκβαλων χθονος· πολυμοχθον
Τον Αρην, δαϊον τερας, συμπαυσων,
Φονεοντα νεκυς, χορος ὡς Καδμειους
Ραψωδος, εγειρεν
Κἀν πολεϊ σεναγμους.

Στροφη β'.

Ενθα παλαι Ζηνος αμωμων
Παρακειται γυιας·
Ενθα γελων ἀβρα νεογνοις
(Ακουαν ὡς εδαην)
Οφιν μιμν δυο χερσι
Χαριεις αγχονασεν· ---

GRATULATIO

Βρεφθ, ἡμιν συ δ' εσῃ
Τερψις, κλεθ ηδ' αεναον·
Ανοσιαν γαρ συ δαμας,
Νηπιος ων, δυσμενεθ·
Ταν εριθειαν πολεως,
Φοβερθαν, ὀφιωδην·
Φιλιας σων τε τυχων,
Κἀν βιοτῳ φιλομοχθον
Ζηλων Ηρακλεα.

Αντιστροφη β'

Ωγυγιον μην τοτε κυδος
Βασιλεων τ', αρχομβρων τ',
Εισομεν, ασκειν σαφ' ἐκοντων
Πολεμους τ' ηδε τεχνας
Φιλεταιρας· ταφθ ανδρων
Αγαθων πασα δε γα,
Αρετων μναμοσυνα·
Βλαψει το καλλιν δ' επιταφιον
Μητε φθονος, μητε χρονθ
Παυδαματωρ· παυ, συγ' εσῃ
Ὡς θεογονοι δ' ἀδυπατεις,
Βρεφθ αμβροτ' ανακτων·
Ποθεσουσ' ευτυχεες
Ου Βρετονες βασιλευσοντ'
Αιει Γεωργιαδην.

Ric. Wooddeſon,
Coll. Magd. Semicom.

" HOW is thy ſpirit, hapleſs Gallia, fled!
" " Where is that proweſs thou wert wont to boaſt?
" Is then thy antient thirſt of glory dead?
" Are all thy pleaſing hopes of freedom loſt,
" Which thy brave ſons ſo roughly ſtrove to gain,
" When daring Edward, by divine command,
" Plough'd with his hardy troops the billowy main,
" And wreak'd heaven's anger on this guilty land?
" Tho' heav'n decreed the blow which Edward gave,
" Yet was Alanſon, yet was Lorraine brave.

" Have ye not heard, how Henry claim'd the throne,
" When Charles aſſerted his paternal right?
" By dint of valour he regain'd his own,
" And thrice ten years maintain'd the doubtful fight.
" Is then your freedom thus preſerv'd in vain,
" By the dear blood of your forefathers ſav'd,
" That thus ye crouch beneath the galling chain,
" In worſe than Britiſh bondage now enſlav'd!
" Edward was generous, and had Henry reign'd,
" France might have yet a milder fate obtain'd.

" Has heav'n indignant to our mis'ries join'd,
" That greateſt curſe, a baſe degenerate ſoul?
" Elſe why this tumult? why theſe ſounds deſign'd
" To rend with ill-tim'd joys the conſcious pole?"
Thus ſang a Gallic Muſe, whoſe daring wing
Far diſtant left her groveling weak compeers;
Whilſt the throng'd nobles hail'd their future king,
And bards prophetic, aw'd by ſervile fears,
Anticipating times of long renown,
Foretold the glories of the dauphin's crown.

Then to thee, Freedom, pay'd their votive lays
Thoſe hireling bards, who, ere they dar'd to ſing,
And to thy deity mock altars raiſe,
Muſt bow obeiſance to an haughty king.
They, whom thy happy leſſons never taught,
On whom from thee ne'er glanc'd one tranſient ray,
One liberal ſentiment, or manly thought
That dar'd to bid them hate tyrannic ſway,
Tender'd their abject incenſe at thy ſhrine,
Whilſt ſlav'ry breath'd in each enervate line.

Let bards thus nurs'd beneath a tyrant's rod
Pay forc'd devotion to an empty name,
As Athens once ador'd an unknown god,
Nor deem'd for whom they rais'd the holy flame:
Let them with art ſuppreſs the ſtarting tears,
And ſmile deceitful, whilſt inur'd to pain,
Ev'n bleſs the means, that ſhall to lateſt years
Of all their ills protract the tedious chain.
Heav'n hath not ſo taught Britons; — yet their lay
With joy unfeign'd ſhall crown each happier day.

In ſtrains more honeſt ſhall the Britiſh muſe,
In ſtrains more jocund greet the royal ear;
Mov'd by no ſervile dread, no ſordid views,
Alike aſham'd of flattery and of fear,
Their grateful wreath ſhall ſcience' ſons entwine;
And ev'ry muſe ſhall bleſs th' auſpicious morn
That ſaid, "Hail Albion, for from Brunſwick's line
"Another guardian of thy laws is born."
Thro' the glad iſle their joyful hymns ſhall ring,
Britain thro' every clime ſhall hail her future king.

William Cleaver, A. B.
Probationer Fellow of Braſenoſe College.

ALtera ſpes Britonum! tibi Brechonis ardua moles,
Et Snowdon nutare caput; tibi diruta tellus
Cornubiæ ſubmittere opes et viſcera gaudet.
Quin tibi continget (procul O! procul hora recedat)
Imperium oceani; tibi ſerviet Indus uterque,
Te dominum agnoſcet fugitivâ Gallia claſſe.
Sed quid enim? — Auſpiciis veniat nunc illa paternis,
Illa, diu nimium votis quam poſcimus omnes,
Pax ſecura tuis; et dum furor impius orbem
Uſque adeo trepidum populatur; ſit tibi cordi
Exemplo patris miſeras compeſcere gentes,
Fœdere et optato luctantia jungere regna.
Sæviat ille licet, turpi diteſcere prædâ
Quem juvat, et vacui deſerta extendere regni.
Te tamen, O princeps, pater optimus excitet olim,
Relligione potens teneros componere mores:
Sic etenim nobis libertas tuta manebit;
Libertas; pro quâ tot, tanta pericula belli
Sprevimus, atque animas ultro projecimus: Illi
Semper ſit potius pacis tutarier artes,
Moreſque ingenuos: ſat vis et barbarus horror
Sæviit armorum; ſat poſſidet Anglia: Galli
Indigenas teneant fraudes et perfida regna,
Seque ſuo perdat demens Hiſpania faſtu.

Joannes Collins, Jun.
Coll. Regin. Commenſ.

GRATULATIO

ALL human things experience change of fate;
The ſoul-enlivning joy roving awhile
Steals from her favourite manſe of bliſs, to chear
The homely cot, and wrinkled Care's ſad brow,
Sweet interlude of eaſe! by gloomy thought,
And keen diſtreſs rare felt! Nor can the lure
Of courts and crowns the fleeting gueſt engage,
Or fix her ſtay beneath their vaulted roofs.
Yet ſtill great Brunſwic's breaſt ſhe chiefly loves;
Content to meditate excurſions ſhort;
Where finding no congenial breaſt, ſhe wings
Homeward her flight, by abſence more endear'd.
Long had his CHARLOTTE bleſs'd the godlike prince,
Her manners mild, her ſound endearing ſenſe
Long charm'd his ſoul, to love and ſocial joy
Attun'd. When lo! (ſad change) his conſort faints,
And rueful throes embitter that ſweet ſcene
Which Eden bliſsful made: ere the firſt pair
Their inbred happineſs, and virtue loſt,
In one ſad ruin. Meanwhile in the man
See all the monarch ſunk! His ſympathy
Confeſs'd the hero is the moſt humane.
Quick mindful of her charms, and accents ſoft,
GEORGE dropt the tear, his ſceptre laid aſide,
The robe of ſtate, and garter'd dignity:
Then ſought retirement to indulge a thought
Pregnant with grief and expectation mixt;
'Till kind Lucina lent her timely aid,
And ſweet oblivion buried every pang,
Loſt in the tranſports of a mother's joy. —
The peerleſs ſire with rapture heard the ſound,
Which buſy fame thro' the wide dome diffus'd:

Prompt

Prompt to conjecture what his Britons felt,
Gaz'd on his boy, and ſmil'd and gaz'd again.
Then turning to his lovelier conſort ſpoke
Majeſtically mild; "Hail, partner dear,
My better half! who calmeſt all my ſoul
In tender thought and home-felt fondneſs wrapt,
And quickeneſt pure delight, unknown before!
May this fair pledge of mutual love prolong
To life's laſt breath inviolate, the joys
Entail'd on conjugal fidelity.
And O! affect he firſt my Britain's cauſe,
Protect he well her commerce, and her fame,
Her laws revere, her rights maintain, and riſe
The friend, the father of the future age."

John Symmons,
Gentleman Commoner of Jeſus College.

GRATULATIO

To the QUEEN.

ILluſtrious Princeſs, form'd alone
Of George's love, of George's throne,
To claim the envied prize;
While in thy breaſt, ſerene as fair,
The parent's joy, the parent's care,
In ſweet conjunction riſe:

Forgive a muſe, whoſe artleſs lays
No common themes of joy or praiſe
Could ever teach to flow;
Forgive if, ſtrongly charm'd, ſhe dare
Thoſe bliſsful joys in part to ſhare,
'Tis thine complete to know.

For thee ſhe paid the vow ſincere,
For thee indulg'd the fervent pray'r,
Within her anxious breaſt;
That pray'r, whoſe ſpirit free diſdains
Of words the thought-confining chains;
By ſilence beſt expreſt.

With thine alike, in ſongs of praiſe,
She joys her raptur'd ſoul to raiſe,
To him who rules above;
Who gave to thine, and Grorge's arms,
A prince replete with infant charms,
The pledge of infant love.

Thrice happy babe! whoſe ev'ry year
Shall bid new ſcenes of joy appear,
Surpaſſing each the paſt;
As when the glorious god of day
A ſtrong and now a ſtronger ray
Emits, to blaze at laſt:

Nurs'd by thy kind paternal hand,
His breaſt, like wiſely-cultur'd land,
With ſeeds of virtue ſown,
Shall early put it's bloſſoms forth,
And ripen into kindred worth
With thine and GEORGE's own.

As ſome fair fruit of goodly birth
Dropt in the teeming womb of earth,
Whoſe kindly warmth can ſpread
Each vital part, with friendly aid
Aſpires beneath it's parent's ſhade
T' uphold his drooping head;

So, when life's winter rough and bleak,
With darken'd eye and furrow'd cheek,
And ſtep infirmly ſlow,
It's hoary froſt, the promis'd dow'r
Of virtuous age, ſhall plenteous ſhow'r
Round thine and GEORGE's brow,

His wiſdom, ripe for glorious deed,
To toils of empire ſhall ſucceed,
And eaſe the weight of pow'r;
His duteous love your cares repay
With joy that ſmooths life's lateſt day,
And death's terrific hour.

In him, tho' dead, the fire ſhall live,
Thy virtuous ſelf in him ſurvive;
While anxious to retain
The name of Britain's prince and friend,
To future times he ſtrives t' extend
A GEORGE and CHARLOTTE's reign.

Denham Skeet,
Scholar of Balliol College.

GRATULATIO

Νυμφαι Ισιαδες ϖοταμω ϑειοιο γλυεϑλη,
Αι ϖεφνην ϑαλαμας μεγα κοιρανιουσ᾽ ανακτ᾽
Ασατε, χϑυσαμφιαι γλυκερην καλλιρροον ομφην,
Τη δ᾽ επακουσαμφι ποταμων λιγυρωτατ᾽ Ισις
Υδατοεν λιπεν αντρον ερικτυπ᾽, ωκεανῳ δε
Ειπε γαμους βασιλη᾽, ὁ δ᾽ αν μεγα χαιρετ᾽ ακουσας·
Νυν αγετ᾽ ω χωραι φιλαι Ισιδ᾽ αργυροδινω,
Γαϑοσυνης τε παλιν παλιν αρχετε· και ϖει παγαν,
Ταν μοισαι φιλεουτ᾽, ιοειδεα ταις κιϑαρισιν
Υμνια παιδογονον κελαδειτε, και αρχετε μολπας,
Α φρενας ευπλοκαμω Χαροληϊδας, εκ επι χωρης
Αλλα τροφω τεκε᾽, καλα τερψει ἱμεροφων᾽.
Χαιρε γυνη ματερ, Βρετονων καλλισφυρ᾽ ανασσα·
Η ρα ϑεοι σε φιλουσιν, επει ϖερφερεστατ᾽ ανδρων
Νυμφιος εντι τε᾽, κηπει ϖδαιοις εοισι
Εν μεγαροισι Γεωργιω αιδοιω βασιλη᾽
Νηπαχον τον παιδα φιλον δεκαμηνος επικτες.
Σ᾽, ω Χαροληϊδα, ναπαι, και αλσεα παντα, και ὑλαι,
Σε ϕαναι μακαριζουσιν, σε μελιβρομον ὑδωρ
Ισιδος, αντιβοασι δε οἱ Σαβρινα και Υμβρ᾽.
Καμβρια δε ζαϑεα ϕωτων τροϕ᾽ ευγενεταων
Ευφροσυν᾽ ϰροτει ϑεον Υμεν᾽, ανακτα λαχουσα
Περατοεκον σεο παιδα, δι᾽ ὀν μεγα κυδει γαιη.
Χαιρ᾽ ω ναξ φιλομουσε Γεωργιε, σοι δ᾽ αρα μουσαι
Τυτο φερουσι μελ᾽ κεχαρισμενον, αγλαοφωναι·
Εις ετος εξ ετε᾽ παιδες γεινοιντο μοι αλλοι,
Ευχομεϑ᾽ ω βασιλευ, τυτῳ δ᾽ επι παιδι χαρειης.

R. D. Shackleford,
Coll. Div. Joh. Bapt. Schol.

PErgat, inexpertus thalami genialis, adulter
Inter laſcivos animi faſtidia cœtus
Fallere: ſollicitet venalia baſia fictæ
Pellicis; illa licet ſpeciem prætendat amantis
Mille dolos agitans, captumque cupidinis æſtu
Blanditiis teneris et amœno carmine ludat:
Nulla fides animum concordi fœdere jungit,
Nulla levant curas ſolatia; quin gravis horror
Pone ſubit, morbique, et præmatura ſenectus.
Non ita quos caſtis jungit data dextra viciſſim
Fœderibus; queis rite faces Cytherea jugales
Accendit, nectens ſociali pectora vinclo.
Felices! His unus amor! Concordia ſemper
Arridet; nec longa dies — quin lætior aſtat
Fœcundo Lucina toro — tum grata parentes
Cura tenet, ſuaviſque labor; ſoleſque beati
Currere — dum alterno vitæ lenire labores
Dividuos juvat alloquio, dum pectora motus
Utraque dant ſimiles, et mutua gaudia miſcent.
Talis, inaurato non dedignata cubili
Invigilare, animam talis Concordia GEORGÎ
Mulcet, ubi rerum paulum deponit habenas
Imperio feſſus, dulcemque reviſere natum
Greſſibus approperat feſtinis, aut CAROLETTÆ
Afflatu tenero ſopitas fallere curas.
Quis tibi tunc, GEORGÎ, cernenti talia ſenſus?
Ut tu, maternæ pietatis imagine captus,
Lætitiâ exultas! — Apparet regia conjux
Infantem mulcens tereti cervice repoſta,
Et faciles ſuadens vocis modulamine ſomnos.
" Chare puer, ſomni cape mollia munera! non te,
" Non tua bellorum corda illætabile murmur
" Terrificat; neſcis, proles pulcherrima, neſcis
" Eventus belli varios! Procul omne quod almam

" Conturbet requiem — puerique parentibus orbi,
" Sponſarumque pii fletus, matrumque ululatus!
" Haud tamen hos cernit tranquilla mente tumultus
" GEORGIUS: — ille quidem medio in ſplendore triumphi
" Sæpe trahens gemitus, flet tinctas ſanguine laurus,
" Flet miſſos toties in aperta pericula cives:
" Cuncta neque in nato chari ſtat cura parentis;
" Laudis amor patriæque vetat — fera numina Martis
" Huic opus eſt vinclis cohibere, et reddere pacis
" Intermiſſa diu ſtudia, ac florentia dona."
His demum exactis, pariter pietate vel armis
Egregius genitor nati juvenilibus annis
Inviliget, gaudens teneram moderamine leni
Ad proprias ſenſim virtutes ducere mentem.
Seu juvet occultos ſophiæ penetrare receſſus,
Naturamque, deumque ſequi; ſeu provida pandens
Arcana imperii, pater indefeſſus alumnum
Præclaris doceat ſtudiis utriuſque Minervæ
Felices populos, et libera jura tueri.
Forſitan atque animum generoſis excitet auſis,
Virtutem invictam bello, facileſque triumphos
Angligenum referens: quin tum meminiſſe juvabit
Effracta Hiſpanæ primo in certamine gentis
Robora, et imbelles repetito vulnere Gallos.

Guilielmus Eden,
Baronetti Filius,
Ædis Chriſti Commenſ.

To the QUEEN.

WHILE Albion's ſhores reſound with loud acclaim,
And conquering ſubjects hail their monarch's fame,
Say, faireſt partner of the Britiſh throne,
Glows not thy heart with bliſs before unknown?
Yet warmer joys thy raptur'd boſom fire,
When grateful duty greets the royal Sire. —
Yes, happy Princeſs, in that dearer name
Is center'd all thy utmoſt wiſh can claim:
May heav'n indulgent long that wiſh ſupply,
And lateſt time diſſolve the ſacred tye.

And thou, bleſt Prince, accept the duteous lay,
Which hails from Iſis' banks thy natal day:
The muſe exulting ſees, with glad preſage,
Auſpicious omens mark thy infant age;
And bids thy days with equal tenor flow,
'Till ripen'd childhood into man ſhall grow.
O may ſhe then thy youthful breaſt inſpire,
With all the virtues that adorn thy ſire:
Teach thee to glow like him in Britain's cauſe,
Protect her commerce, and revere her laws:
Like him, with mild benignity diſpenſe
Each kind effect of regal influence;
And, wiſely juſt, to all thy ſmiles extend,
Nor make a foe, where duty gives a friend.

If ſuch thy boaſt, when virtue's well-earn'd prize
Shall claim thy parent to his kindred ſkies,
With leſſen'd grief ſhall favour'd Britain ſee
His princely qualities transferr'd to thee:
And ſtill fair Freedom crown this happy iſle,
Beneath a native prince's foſt'ring ſmile;
While other TALBOTS, other LITCHFIELDS join
To guard the throne where Truth and Honour ſhine.

Frauncis Burdett,
Son of Sir *Robert Burdett*, Bart.
Gent. Com. of Chriſt Church.

GRATULATIO

AUſpicious month, whatever name thou hear'ſt,
Sextile or Auguſt, in each circling year
Never, O never ſhall the muſe
Forget thy bland return.
Not that in nature's richeſt robes arrayed,
The teeming horn of plenty in your hand,
You temper for the ſparkling bowl
The nectar of the grape:
Not that you bid the ſturdy ſwain unlock
Britannia's treaſured ſtores; o'er the rich vales
What time luxuriant Ceres ſmiles,
And waves her golden hair:
But that the hours which wanton in your train
Firſt welcomed to this land the royal gueſt,
When echo bade theſe ſhores reſound
With Liberty and GEORGE.
Yet, the misjudging dotard Prejudice
With many a hollow murmur met his ear;
That clouded all the jocund ſcene,
And damp'd each riſing joy.
Nor murmur now is heard, nor cloud deforms
The happier ſcene of this diſtinguiſh'd day,
This natal day, whoſe candid mark
The Britiſh annals claim.
Since firſt thy own Auguſtus fix'd thy name
With brighter pomp thy glories never ſhone,
Than at this boon, when every muſe
Cries hail on GEORGE's heir.
The tuneful choir the ſacred Virtues join,
For every Virtue is his father's friend;
And all the Graces, for each Grace
Is of his mother's train.

Ev'n War with arm uprais'd, prepared to ſtrike,
Charm'd with the natal pæans, liſtening ſtood,
And paus'd; and wond'ring why he paus'd,
Let drop the blood-ſtain'd ſword.
With all thy fruits, with all thy various ſweets
Breathe, gentle Auguſt! Nor with noxious gales,
Such as from glowing Sirius oft proceed,
Taint Britain's riſing hope.
So may fair Plenty ever crown thy horn;
So ſhall I never at thy bland return
Forget thy praiſe, auſpicious month,
Meridian of the year.

Michael Terry,
Gent. Com. of C. C. C.

To the KING.

AGAIN, lov'd Prince, the muſe devotes her lyre
To ſounds which Freedom only can inſpire:
Her honeſt ſuffrage Truth to virtue pays;
She makes the ſhout of joy, the voice of praiſe.—
When Britain hail'd thee king, 'twas Freedom wrought
Each laurel crown the tuneful ſiſters brought:
When heav'n, that prompted, bleſt thy nuptial vow,
They plac'd her hallow'd chaplet on thy brow:
She cull'd the chequer'd wreath which now they twine
To deck the new-born heir of worth like thine:
Bold is her duty, her applauſe, her love;
She knows the heart that earn'd them will approve.

Take then her homage. — Thou haſt deign'd to know
Her claim, the ſervice patriot princes owe;
Giv'n to the world they reign for man alone;
Their very virtues are no more their own:
To public good, their every private view,
Their thoughts, their toils, their fears, their hopes are due:
To bear for all, the cares of each, deſign'd,
Friends, guardians, huſbands, fathers, of mankind.

Bleſt in this truth, thy happy land can trace
Each royal merit, each domeſtic grace:
Can boaſt a lord, whom Liberty obeys;
A conqu'ror, whom Humanity may praiſe:
Hence all ſhe felt, admir'd, and lov'd before;
Hence her bold hope enjoys one proſpect more.

Yes — to the father while ſhe turns her eyes,
New ſcenes of future bliſs and glory riſe;
There will the man exalt the ſovereign; — there
The hero's purpoſe aid the parents care:
There each fond thought affection can ſuggeſt
Will bid a nation or a world be bleſt.

Theſe are thy Britain's triumphs: — theſe employ
Her deareſt wiſh, and prompt her warmeſt joy:
Theſe all her zeal, at once, and pride engage,
When her rapt eye ſurveys the riſing age:
Theſe on her ear pour ev'ry theme of praiſe
Reſerv'd to grace thee thro' the length of days,
When wond'ring realms ſhall equal virtues ſee
Renew'd, reflected, in a ſon like thee.

Giles Rooke,
Comm. of St. John's Coll.

SIlete venti — regius en! Puer
Obdormit — O quis, cardine ne fores
Crepant iniquo, curet — ite,
Ite levi tacitoque greſſu!
Obteſtor at te, principis inclyta
Nutrix alumni, ſtragula leniter,
Obteſtor, O! pande, invidamque
Tolle moram chlamydis cubanti.
Vultum decorum! — quot veneres ſimul!
Effulget ut frons marmore purior!
Ut ſubrubent udùm labella!
Egregio ut nitet ore candor!
Sic membra ſtratus dicitur in roſâ
Jacere multâ, ſic temere ſitus
Infantulus clivis Cupido
Idaliæ, Cypriiſve lucis!
Quin excitatur: lucida ſidera
Agnoſco matris, cæruleum decus!
Sic et pater quondam os ferebat,
Non ſine diis animoſus infans.
Quin ridet — O riſum facilem notes!
Quin molle rurſum ridet — at inclyti
Statim parentes tam ſecundi
Auſpicii rapiatis omen!
En! ut decenti more crepundia
Huc motat illuc exiguâ manu;
Illâ vibrabit mox avitæ
Sceptra domus, Britonumque fulmen!
Sic et tonantem credidimus Jovem
Quaſſare cunis non nocuas faces,
Telo triſulco geſtientem,
Et tonitrus leviore flammâ.

Georgius Whitehorne Lawrence,
Coll. Pemb. Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

GRATULATIO

To the Prince of WALES.

SLEEP, royal infant, ſleep;
Round thee may guardian powers their vigils keep!
How little doſt thou know,
Whilſt leaning on thy nurſe's breaſt,
Or in thy mother's arms careſt,
The high important toils 'tis thine to undergo!

Yet not with mind undiſciplin'd, untaught,
Shalt thou the mighty weight of nations bear:
Lo! George with every bright perfection fraught!
Whoſe fond paternal care
Shall pour upon thy mind fair virtue's ray,
Himſelf point out her path, and lead the well-known way.

While Eaſtern tyrants found their right
On conqueſt, and oppreſſive might,
He ſhall inſtruct thee with ſublimer ſoul
The raging luſt of empire to controul;
That kings are God's vicegerents, by kind heav'n,
Protectors, fathers, to their ſubjects given,
Wide to diffuſe o'er all mankind
Thoſe joys th' eternal Sire for all deſign'd.

Oh! may the heavens propitious ſhed
Each bleſſing on thy ſacred head!
Where'er upon the foamy tide
In days to come thy fleets ſhall ride;
For thee, and for dear freedom's right,
Where'er thy veteran bands ſhall fight,
(As now by thy illuſtrious ſire,)
O'erthrown by thee, may the proud foe retire;
And ſpread abroad thy fame from pole to pole,
As far as earth extends, or oceans roll!

But

But ſtill be this of joys the leaſt
That with warm tranſports fire th' exulting breaſt!
May'ſt thou behold in pleaſing extacies
Thy virtues in a grateful nation's eyes:
And mindful of his power alone,
Whoſe high beheſt uprais'd thee to a throne,
With pure religion's ſacred ardour glow,
And feel thoſe raptures which from virtue flow!

Hence, when bright morning bids the ſwain ariſe,
Joyful, like him, thy father hails the ray;
When ruddy evening paints the weſtern ſkies,
Hence gentle ſlumbers crown his well-ſpent day,
Gentle as thoſe that ſeal thine infant eyes:
Hence, though her hydra-head proud Faction rear,
Though on each ſide the maddening band
Should hurl deſtruction through the land,
Hence would he ſcorn each ſervile fear,
Search his own breaſt, and view how blameleſs all was there.

O'er the foul carcaſe with diſcordant voice,
Inſatiate, birds obſcene rejoice;
To heav'n th' imperial eagle wings his flight;
Tow'ring beyond the ken of mortal ſight
He drinks exulting the pure ſtreams of light:
Oh! little know the baſe and groveling crew,
Whilſt narrow ſelf bounds every view,
The godlike joys that fire the truly great;
They, independent of their fate,
With high, ſuperior ſcorn look down
On treacherous fortune's ſmile or frown;
Fair virtue ſtill is their's, however low their ſtate.

Of her pure tranſports unpoſſeſs'd,
Midſt all th' allurements of luxurious eaſe,
Pining in vain for gentle peace
Ev'n monarchs ſigh diſſatisfied, unbleſs'd.
Oh height of woe! midſt every ſoft delight,
Whilſt muſic ſooths the ear, and beauty charms the ſight,
To ſink beneath the pangs that rend the guilty breaſt;
Their riſing bluſhes to reſtrain,
With the feign'd ſmile diſguiſe their pain;
And black with crimes to hear the ſervile crew
Pour forth the praiſe alone to virtue due!

But ceaſe, my muſe, the ſtrain,
That grates unwelcome on each Briton's ear,
Who now to heav'n prefers (nor be it vain!)
For thee, illuſtrious babe, his ardent prayer;
"May'ſt thou in manhood, void of ſtain
"Thine infant innocence retain,
"With every grace, with every virtue ſhine,
"And be thy father's fame ſurpaſs'd alone by thine!"

William Henly,
Gentleman Commoner
of Chriſt Church.

AD REGINAM.

O! tu deliciæ tui GEÖRGI,
Tori ſplendida gloriæque conſors,
Jam mater, CAROLETTA, gratulantes
Muſas excipe, marginem vagantur
Quæ circum Iſidis, artium receſſus;
Et nuper Tibi nuptiale carmen
Pangebant. Iterum tuos amores
Certatim meditantur, et lubenter
Ceſſantis citharæ ſonos moventes,
Quæ poſſunt, ſua proferunt Sorores
Vectigalia: Te canunt, parentem
Te dicunt, modo virginem vocatam;
Votiſque ominibuſque proſequuntur
Brunſvici generis novum nepotem,
Nunc ſpem, mox columen ſuis futurum.
Dulces pectora mulceant ſopores
Nunc infantia, mox virile virtus
Cor firmet, ſoliique dignus hæres
Exſurgat; patris æmulus, labores
(Cum ſic præcipiet dei voluntas)
Sceptri ſuſtineat; feros tumultus
Belli comprimat; hoſtiumque victor,
Ut magnus pater, arbiter furentes
Componat populos, Britanniæque
Amor, præſidium, decus ſeneſcat.

Carolus Vere Daſhwood,
Aulæ B. M. V.
Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

GRATULATIO

1.

BLeſſings on heavn's high king! His word divine,
Which ſpoke chaotic darkneſs into light,
Great GEORGE's mind to virtue's fairer ſhrine
Obedient call'd, and glory's arduous height:
His foſt'ring care, beneath a diſtant ſky,
A beauteous Virgin's pureſt ſoul refin'd,
Whoſe native worth with GEORGE's own might vie,
A ſofter image of his manly mind:
Through ages then his bleſſings to convey,
He gave a royal babe to Albion and to Day.

2.

In that bleſt morn bright Virtue's hallow'd band
Gan jocund ſtrains of melody to pour,
While Science, fix'd of thought, of ready hand,
With choiceſt honours mark'd the happy hour:
Religion, decent maid with ſilver zone,
Shot beams of chaſteſt joy from either eye,
And Liberty, beſt guardian of the throne,
Exultant rais'd her cherub voice on high:
Meanwhile enrag'd Oppreſſion gnaw'd his chain,
And Faction mourn'd for ever loſt her revel reign.

3.

And lo! with haſten'd ſtep and pleaſing mein
Fair Peace returns, with all her exile train,
To greet this infant prince; while heav'n's high queen,
Wiſdom yclep'd, by whom earth's monarchs reign,
Her purpoſe ſpeaks; the devious paths of youth
Beſide, his ductile ſoul ſecure to lead
Thro' arduous ways of valour, juſtice, truth,
Up Science hill to virtue's nobleſt meed:
His boſom rouſe to deeds of high emprize,
And now its youthful ardor praiſe, and now chaſtize.

Thus

4.

Thus form'd, Britannia's younger ſon ſhall tell
By deeds of high renown his royal birth,
While in his ſelf-approving breaſt ſhall dwell
Confeſs'd his either parent's peerleſs worth.
So ſome fair ſcyon, rich in gen'rous blood
Of parent-ſtem, in wiſely-choſen hour
Tranſplanted, and improv'd by genuine food
Of quick'ning heat, and vegetating ſhow'r,
In earth's dank boſom ſtrikes its fertile root,
And ſpeaks its goodly origin by kindred fruit.

5.

Then when, mature in age, by heav'n's decree,
He takes the ſceptre from his parent's hand,
Like him ſhall rule, by laws benign as free,
The prince and patron of a grateful land;
Like him, behold a manly offſpring riſe
Proclaim'd by deeds of kindred worth his own,
Then, full of years, affect his native ſkies;
Pleas'd in fair thought to view his righteous throne
Thro' lateſt ages in his line deſcend,
Nor Brunſwic ever but with time and Britain end.

Sam. Dennis, A. B.
Fellow of St. John's Coll.

GRATULATIO

VIdimus fuſi nimium cruoris,
Martis heu! luſum nimis inſolentem;
Sat triumphorum patriis referri
Vidimus armis!
Tempus eſt, cives miſeri, quietem
Carpere, et tantos minui labores
Jam decet: victo, temerè quid ultra
Tenditis, orbe?
Alma Pax, quando Britonas reviſes?
Exules quando revocabis artes?
O ſalutari cieas tacentem
Numine muſam!
Fallor? an demum videor videre
Jam duces ſummos temere otiari
Rure reclines, meritâ revinctos
Tempora fronde?
Spondet hæc, auſpex melioris ævi,
Miſſa de cœlo ſoboles — Cupido,
Fac ſtatim ramos properent olivæ
Ritè palumbes!
Myrteis necte ô foliis coronam,
Regiæ ſponſæ nova ſerta necte;
Vos et in cunas pueri, Camœnæ,
Spargite flores;
Qui novum cœlis decus additurus,
Fundet Auguſtus radios, ubi olim
Julium ſidus, nimis heu! caducum,
Cedet Olympo.

Ricardus Tayler,
Coll. Oriel. Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

AS o'er the ſurges of the boundleſs ſea
The royal veſſel plough'd her liquid way,
Which to Britannia's ever-bliſsful ſhore
Her favourite Queen in ſtately triumph bore;
Majeſtic riſing from his oozy bed,
Propitious Neptune rear'd his awful head;
The watry train in deep attention hung,
While thus the trident-ſhaking monarch ſung.
" From thee, bright Princeſs, ſhall deſcend an heir,
" Great as his ſire, and as his mother fair;
" No more the tumult of the ratling car,
" Nor all the horror of deſtructive war,
" Shall fright the world; but Peace with him ſhall reign,
" And bleſs the labours of th' induſtrious ſwain.
" Too long has War, deſpotic tyrant, ſway'd,
" Too long has man his lawleſs pow'r obey'd.
" See, from the regions of immortal day
" The white-rob'd goddeſs wings her airy way,
" And hovering, ſtretches in Britannia's land,
" Beſt ſeat of liberty, her olive wand.
" No more the trumpet's martial ſound from far
" Provokes the fury of the maddening war,
" Commerce with ſafety ſpreads her thouſand ſails,
" Triumphant ſwelling with propitious gales.
" Ev'n nature's ſelf the genial influence ſhares,
" And grateful plenty leads the golden years.
" See Peace prepares a flowery wreath, to crown
" Her favourite care, her new-ſelected ſon.
" To thee, great Monarch, I reſign my reign,
" Thine is the boundleſs empire of the main,
" To favour thee the bluſtering winds combine,
" And all the treaſures of the waves are thine."
He ſpoke, and ſtealing from the face of day,
Deſcending ſunk beneath the watry way.

GRATULATIO

Well-pleas'd the Nereids heard the hoary god,
And hail'd the veſſel as ſhe ſkim'd the flood.
Hail! ever hail! the vocal rocks rebound,
The whiſpering breezes waft the murmurs round,
And every ſhore repeats the long-departing ſound.

J. Hubbard,
Commoner of Merton Coll.

GEORGÎ, Britannûm præſidium et ſalus,
Illuſtre nomen, te prius impigrum
Heroa, Mavortiſque fulmen,
Te vigilem populi parentem
Dixere Muſæ; nunc fidibus ſtrepunt,
Patris canentes munia te pii
Subire gaudentem, et jugalis
Rite decus thalami tueri.
Ut te juvabit, dum teneras manus
Cervice veſtrâ parvulus implicat,
Ut te juvabit fluctuantes
Blanditiis cohibere ſenſus!
Ut delibutos ingenuâ jocos
Virtute mox captare, vel ingenî
Vim germinantis, vel notare
Innocuos pueri cachinnos!
Quin jam novenis grata ſororibus
Oliva rurſus tollitur, et tuo,
Marcelle, ſub aſtro ſilebit
Horriſoni ſtrepitus duelli.
Te, clara proles, qui dederit, deus
Circumdet idem numine; ſeriùs
Britanniæ ſceptrum reponas,
Seriùs accipias, vovemus.

Joſhua Berkeley,
Ædis Chriſti Alumnus.

INfanti Caroletta ſuo, nutrice remotâ,
Gaudebat proprias ſuppoſuiſſe manus;
Cum ſubitò Hiſpanæ prænuncia ſigna ruinæ
Horrendùm lætis intonuere ſonis;
Exilit, ingentique fragore exterritus Infans
Somnia vagitu rupta querente dolet:
Subriſit puero Mater, gremioque jacenti
Fuſa ſuper, lacrymis oſcula miſta dabat;
Atque ita (materno rurſum ſopita pererrans
Intuitu ad teneros dum fovet ora ſinus)
" Chare quieſce puer! nec ficta pericula ſomnos
" Inſolitique vetent continuare metus:
" Te tua blanda parens eadem et fidiſſima nutrix
" (Sed neſcis) gremio dulce tuetur onus.
" Hoc tibi ſubmiſſi ſonitu gratantur Iberi,
" Hæc ſua naſcenti fert tibi dona pater.
" Fortunate! tuis rident circum omnia regnis;
" Hic profuga e toto conſtitit orbe quies:
" Dum loquor, (heu belli caſus!) quàm multa per hoſtes
" Mater ab incenſâ pellitur acta domo,
" Infantemque fovens trepidum deſerta, mariti
" Cæde ſui madidos ſternitur ante pedes!
" Siccine, quos ſocio juſſit coaleſcere nexu,
" Queis animos mites dat lacrymaſque deus,
" Excitet ambitio, miſeroſque in funera cogat
" Mutua, quæ rabidis cognita nulla feris;
" Iſte novat ſibi corda, acuenſque effingit ad omnem
" Sævitiam præceps exagitata furor.
" Hæccine, quæ matrem riſu agnoviſſe videntur,
" Incutient miſeris gentibus ora metum?
" Hæccine, quæ nunc poſcit opem ſtudiumque parentis,
" Stillabit matrum ſanguine tincta manus?
" O prohibete nefas, quibus hæc formanda dabuntur
" Pectora, deliciis vos prohibete meis!
" Sint, mea vita, tuæ miſeris ſuccurrere laudes;
" Sit mala quod poſſit cor aliena pati:

GRATULATIO.

" Infenſi, per te, coeant in fœdera reges;
" Arbitrio ſileant bella repreſſa tuo;
" Oppida te, te rura colant! — Tibi, multa per orbem
" Fratre ſoror, conjux ſoſpite læta viro,
" Prole beata parens, (ut nunc tua) fauſta precetur,
" Gaudiaque in charum devocet aucta caput!"

Guilielmus Weller Pepys,
Ædis Chriſti Alumnus.

VIX ritus, Hymenæe, tuos cecinere Camœnæ,
Et feſtiva piæ ſerta dedere manus;
Quin nova progenies in vota laceſſere Muſas
Suadet, et amotam ſollicitare lyram.
Alma favet Lucina; et Dii chariſſima donant
Pignora, regalis ſpemque decuſque tori.
Anglia lætatur; naſcenti Wallia geſtit
Patrono lætos ter geminare ſonos.
Quin videor tenerum ſpectare infantis honorem;
Quàm nitet ingenuo multus in ore decor!
Sedula percurrit genetrix ſuaviſſima vultum,
Lætaturque patris quod puer inſtar habet.
Miratur pater egregium genetricis amorem
Et natum fido comprimit ipſe ſinu.
Interea evolvit regum venientia ſecla,
Et qui Brunſvicum ſtemma manebit honos.
At riſu, ſine voce oculiſque loquacibus, infans
Dignum magnanimis ſe fore ſpondet avis.
Macte animo princeps, ſint proſpera vota tuorum!
Muſæ patronum te Chariteſque vocent.
Te regem ſignent belli, te munia pacis;
Ad famam et cœlos ex patre diſce viam.

Caractacus Glaſcott,
Coll. Jeſu.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

I.

BEneath an ancient oak, whoſe boughs diffuſe
A gloomy covert from the noon-tide ray,
Loſt to the buſy world I lay,
And woo'd the Cambrian muſe.
Here ſtones, unknowing of the artiſt's ſkill,
The marks of Time's indenting tooth retain,
And rear'd in myſtic circles on the hill,
The monuments of Druid-rites remain.
There ſtately Milford to th' admiring eye
Diſplays her thouſand creeks and ample port;
Yet ſtill, a ſtranger to fair Trade's reſort,
Her ſolitary waves in uſeleſs ſlumber lie.

II.

In proſpect hence Caernarvon's hills ariſe;
Who, midſt a pleaſing but terrific ſcene
Of hanging precipices, ſhagg'd with thorn,
Of mouldering rocks with tempeſts worn,
And cataracts that foam between,
Like nature, whelm'd in her own ruins, lies.
Thither the Britiſh bands retir'd of old;
And dar'd be free;
There, when defeated in unequal war,
Gloried in honeſt poverty;
And ſcorn'd with chains of gold to draw the victor's car.

III.

Old ocean ſmil'd and ſmooth'd his ruffled waves;
When, iſſuing from their coral caves,
The ſea-green Nereids form a ring,
And to the concave ſhell's melodious ſound
In antick meaſures gambol round their king.
Amaz'd I look'd around:

When lo! in robe of pureſt white array'd,
A venerable ſhade
In words like theſe my warm attention ſtay'd.

IV.

"Know that in days of yore,
While life inform'd this active frame,
A prieſt's and legiſlator's charge I bore,
Now that of tutelary Genius claim.
Here my tribunal, here mine altar ſtood,
From whence I gave a ſanction to the laws,
Enforc'd religion, pleaded freedom's cauſe,
And taught that nobleſt ſcience, to be good.
Yet were our rites with ſuperſtition ſtain'd,
Our laws unform'd, our freedom unreſtrain'd.
Now truth divine hath ignorance diſpell'd,
And heaven's important will reveal'd.
Now to this happy iſle is given
The beſt the choiceſt boon of heaven.
Happy who theſe bleſſings ſhare,
Where pure religion's cauſe,
And liberty refin'd by wholeſome laws,
Are nurtur'd by a ſovereign's pious care.

V.

While others force the way to fame,
Through hills of ſlain and ſeas of blood,
GEORGE on a nobler baſis builds his claim,
And, to be glorious, firſt is good.
This day, diſtinguiſh'd in the rolls of time,
Extends the proſpect of ſucceeding joys
To Britain's heav'n-defended clime.
The Nymphs of ocean, vying in their mirth,
Already twine the naval crown;
Yon hills exulting hail their princes birth,
Nor envy years of old renown:

E'en

E'en in this his natal hour
The Britiſh troops advance
To fix their enſigns on Havannah's tow'r,
And Spain in tears of blood repents her league with France.

VI.

But War prepares to ſheath the ſword,
See, tranquil days again reſtor'd!
Then ſhall thy prince in arts of peace refin'd,
Beneath the bright example of the throne,
With genuine wiſdom early grace his mind,
And ſhew his father's virtues in his own.
Nor England only ſhall theſe bleſſings boaſt;
High on yon cliff ſhall tow'r the threatening fort,
The guard and glory of thy native coaſt:
Huge fleets ſhall croud yon long-neglected port,
And Commerce pour with laviſh hand
Her treaſures o'er the grateful land. —
But hence, my ſon, and loath inglorious reſt;
With early wiſdom ſtore thy breaſt,
And learn from Iſis' ſcientific ſpring
Thy duty to thy God, thy country, and thy king."

Richard Philipps,
Son of Sir *John Philipps* Bart.
Gent. Com. of Pemb. Coll.

GRATULATIO

UNanimes inter muſas, feſtoſque tumultus,
Noſtra nec erubuit ſilvis prodire Thalia,
Ut referat divûm ſobolem; licèt æmulus ardor
Præpediat linguam, atque incondita carmina promat.
Naſcitur illuſtri de ſtirpe haud degener infans;
Naſcitur, et fidei libertatique futurus
Præſidio, ſceptri laus, Angligenûmque triumphus:
Qualem Roma olim tranquillâ pace regentem
Viderat Auguſtum; qualemque Britannia pridem
Mirata eſt atavum, laudis ſaturem atque dierum;
Qualem læta videt Patrem: Pater unicus omni
Sufficit exemplo; cujus veſtigia tantùm
Vel longinqua ſequi proh quanti principis eſſet!
Hauriat hinc ſanctas juſti moderaminis artes,
Hinc petat exemplum, quali virtute regendus
Orbis erit, quali gentes frænentur habenâ.
Tuque, auguſte puer, non tantùm limina Jani
Clauſa coles, paciſque artes mirabere molles,
Te primis etiam finget Bellona ſub annis;
Et teneram accendet mentem, Martiſque docebit
Dura rudimenta, et rigidi ſtudia aſpera belli:
Ingens ipſa docebit opus, quo ſidera poſſis
Ire ſuper, tantoque aliquid dare ſanguine dignum.
Quid non de tali puero præſagiat augur,
Vitales CAROLETTA parens quem miſit in auras,
Partem animæ ingentis tribuit cui Cæſar? Ab illâ
Multa venus puero, et divinæ gratia formæ;
At genitor menti virtutem afflavit, et ignem
Miſcuit ingenio nati, patriumque vigorem;
Ne quo forte modo, cum quondam ſæva requirent
Bella virum, et trepidas terrebit buccina matres;
Ille labans animo compoſtâ pace quieſcat:
Sed potius per ſigna volans, atque ære coruſcus,
Hortetur turmas, et equo delatus in hoſtes
Oſtendat bello quid poſſit vivida virtus.

Macte

Macte eſto, auſpiciis princeps felicibus orte,
Et ſuperes virtute genus; ſit nullus avorum,
Stemmate de tanto Britonum qui ſceptra tulere,
Factis ſplendidior; nec ſis patre mox minor illo
In ſua qui Gallos jam nunc mandata coercet:
Ipſe adeo divis poſtquam miſcebitur olim,
(Vos magna interea producite ſtamina Parcæ)
Suſcipe non indignus aviti munia regni,
Et rege ſubjectum patriis virtutibus orbem.

Tho. Goodinge,
Coll. Trin. Scholaris.

VOTIS piorum numina principum
Gaudent ſecundos annuere exitus,
Æquique cultores honeſtos
Progenie ſimili beare.
Poſt ſe rejecit triſtitiam et metus,
Amplexa fidæ pignus amabile
CHARLOTTA flammæ, nec dolorum
Plùs meminit, puero recepto.
Quanta O voluptas pectora regia,
Pervaſit omnem quanta Britanniam,
Ortum intuentem, dulce ſeri
Præſidium columenque ſecli!
Celſam replevit non Priami domum
Naſcens Iulus lætitiâ pari,
Trojæve ſolamen ruentis
Hectorea Aſtyanax propago.
Quid ſi nec infans vividus anguium
Cunas petentum guttura preſſerit?
Saltus Lycæos nec relinquens
Agmen apum in roſeis labellis

GRATULATIO

Somno ſoluti penſile ſederit?
Surgentis altam principis indolem
  Materna virtus et paterna
    Augurio potiore firmant.
Riſu parentes incipe noſcere,
Riſuſque dulces parvule reddere,
  Mox facta majorum recenſens
    Aggredere egregios honores.
Jam nunc revolvens excidium Cubæ,
Auctamque nato Brunſviciam domum,
  Deponit acres corde flammas
    Herculeæ dominus columnæ,
Trucemque vultum et verba minantia.
Quid vana juvit pangere fœdera?
  Quid marte gentem provocare
    Illicito ſuperis placentem;
Cui largiuntur divitias, decus,
Prolemque regum, atque omnia proſpera?
  Curant nec ultrà dii caducam
    Borbonidum reparare famam.
Summiſſa pacem poſcat Iberia;
Perculſa multo funere Gallia,
  Nec fraude nec vi diruendos,
    Poſcat amicitiam Britannos.

Robertus Shuttleworth,
Æd. Chriſti
Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

THough diſtant far from Iſis' honour'd banks,
Haunt of the Muſes, mid the files of war,
By Severn's ſtately ſtream, the vigorous youth
Of Cambrian hills I train to feats of arms;
Yet when the voice of loyalty reſounds
O'er Iſis' banks, my breaſt cogenial burns
To join the tuneful choir, and, grateful, blend
Amid their laurel-wreath my ſlender bay.
Hail to the month, from great Auguſtus nam'd!
A new Auguſtus riſes, born to crown
Thy golden days with luſtre not their own.
Tho' thy ſhort reign is mark'd by glorious deeds,
Deeds far excelling thoſe which fame records
On breathing braſs, or in harmonious ſong;
Tho' Britiſh ſtandards o'er Havannah's towers
Exulting blaze; tho' Spain's proud argoſies
Shall waft Potoſi's mines to Albion's ſhore:
Yet not the glittering ſpoils of vanquiſh'd worlds,
The ſhouts of conqueſt, or triumphal ſong,
Touch with ſuch rapturous joy Britannia's ſons,
Or call from filial love ſuch loud acclaim.
When o'er the camp the gladſome tidings ran,
Sprung from the bards, or elſe of Merlin's line,
A youth extatic ſnatch'd the Britiſh harp,
Acroſs his ſhoulders flung, in tranſport wild,
And thus, prophetic, warbled to the ſtring:
" Behold, a royal olive-branch diſplays
" It's blooming foliage, and it's head uprears
" In infancy majeſtic, freſh and fair,
" To ſhade and grace alike the conſcious realm:
" Omen of peace! Nor be that omen vain!"
He ſaid; applauding ſhouts the welkin rend;
And ſtill their echoes vibrate on my ear;
" Omen of peace! Nor be that omen vain!"

Pleas'd I reviſit then thy ſacred ſeats,
Lov'd Rhedycina, and the Muſe's dome
By fam'd Philippa nurtur'd, and by queens
From fam'd Philippa to late CAROLINE,
And, CHARLOTTE, now by thee, bleſſing ſupreme!
The drum's inſpiring din, and the ſhrill fife
Awhile forgot, I ſtring the lyre anew,
To ſofter notes attun'd and ſweet accord,
For young Auguſtus and the op'ning bloom
Of beauty; but his growing virtues more
(The joyful earneſt of another GEORGE,
Another patriot king, to bleſs the land,)
My honeſt zeal ſhall chaunt in artleſs lays:
While poliſh'd LITCHFIELD o'er the arts preſides,
That in thoſe fields of ſcience bud and bloom,
Sprung from one parent-ſtock of liberty;
Whom ſtill he ſeeks with conſtant ſtep and true,
Firm in his country's and his prince's love:
Thrice happy union of the arts of peace!—
But ſhould encroaching war the ſword demand,
Thy Cambro-Britons, bold unconquer'd race,
In faithful bands ſhall guard their darling prince,
(Belov'd as in their own Caernarvon born,)
Proud to protect, but prouder to obey.

Edmund Thomas,
Son of Sir *Edmund Thomas* Bart.
Gent. Com. of Queen's Coll.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

WHEN gracious heav'n Britannia's ſcepter'd youth
Gave to the praiſes of unflattering truth,
Pleas'd we beheld where every virtue ſhone,
To grace the man, or dignify a throne.
Next CHARLOTTE came; a pure celeſtial mind,
Cloath'd in the brighteſt form of woman-kind.
No Muſe was abſent, that with ſweeteſt voice
Could ſing the monarch's heaven-directed choice:
Nor Graces ceas'd to wind the mazy round
To varied meaſures of harmonious ſound.
Shall then the ſame fair train regardleſs ſhun
The natal hour of Freedom's firſt-born ſon?
Rather prolong the undiſſembled mirth
Of patriot ſouls, to hail th' auſpicious birth;
That birth which gives the ſovereign's anxious breaſt
From tumults, wars, and ſtrife, a pauſe of reſt.
Pleas'd ſhall he check the riſing thoughts of care,
The unremitting bliſs of nations ſhare,
And view with dear delight their promis'd heir.
Britons, the ſcene of ages paſt explore,
And learn a leſſon of prophetic lore.
See how our race of motley kings advance
In weak ſucceſſion, as confus'd by chance.
Then trace with piercing eye our GEORGE's line,
Where worth and virtue unextinguiſh'd ſhine.
From ſire to ſon the happy leſſon taught,
With rapid flame the honeſt zeal is caught.
Say, ſhall the fair example ſtill remain?
Long in the breaſts of Engliſh monarchs reign?
It ſhall, unſullied; and to deathleſs fame
Shall ages yet unborn conſign the name.

Robert Morris,
Gent. Com. of Oriel Coll.

GRATULATIO

To the KING.

BLeſt monarch! on whoſe ever-proſp'rous brows
Propitious heaven its choiceſt gifts beſtows;
Whilſt conqueſt ſpreads her wings around thy throne,
And glory fondly marks thee for her own;
Whilſt heaven-born peace ſtill waits the train to cloſe,
And every reſtleſs weary care compoſe!
Nor long ſhall wait — even now kind heaven conveys
The pledge of love to ſooth thy peaceful days.
Theſe are thy joys, to lead the tender mind,
And teach it wiſdom's mazy path to find,
Watchful o'er every ſtep; for thou wilt own
The worth of every gift thy breaſt has known.
Whate'er rude nature ſketches out, 'tis thine
With ſtudious care to ſtrengthen and refine;
Her brighteſt ſpark neglected fades and dies,
Nurs'd by the muſe it blazes to the ſkies.
Nor ſeeks thy ſoul, by pureſt virtue led,
That victory's crown alone adorn thy head;
Fierce war alone ne'er fill'd the hero's mind
Fixt on the glorious end to bleſs mankind:
He knows thoſe laurels only ne'er decay
Which firſt provoke, then wipe the tear away.
'Tis not enough that heaven's dread bolt ſhould fly,
And purge from vapours the diſtemper'd ſky;
The boiſt'rous ſtorms whene'er they paſs away
Leave the bright ſunſhine of a better day.
Even whilſt o'er Europe fell deſtruction's hurl'd,
And war's dread horrors ſhake the troubled world;
Say, Briton, does the din aſſault thine ear?
Say do'ſt thou feel the ſhock of hoſtile fear?
Fair plenty reigns, and honour crowns thy name;
War thou know'ſt only from the voice of fame.

And thou, whom heaven has granted to our prayers,
Still to prolong the good thy ſire prepares,
A ſubject's virtues claim thine early care,
Firſt learn a crown to merit, then to wear.
And, O young prince, (kind heaven remove that hour
When God to thee ſhall delegate his pow'r;)
Whate'er in each ſubjected ſphere may ſhine,
'Tis thine in one to center and combine:
The hand of bounty ſtudious to apply
Where'er remote fair ſcience' ſon may lie:
Nor patient ſee the Muſe's heavenly plant
Nipp'd and decay'd by the cold hand of want.
Let not the bard, to poverty a prey,
Warble ſecure his ſolitary lay;
He can requite thee, can diſpenſe the meed
Of deathleſs praiſe that crowns the generous deed:
But chief, ſhould any ſoul, to high empriſe
And publick ſervice worthy found to riſe,
Shine forth illuſtrious; make his worth thine own,
And fix diſtinguiſh'd merit near thy throne.
Bleſt prince! whoſe future glory to portend,
Peace, conqueſt, empire on thy birth attend!
Nor thou from virtue's paths ſhall devious ſtray,
Example, beſt inſtruction, points the way:
Look on thy ſire — then mark where glory leads,
And firmly fix thy ſteps wheree'r he treads.

John Carver,
Commoner of Oriel College.

GRATULATIO

CUR inter reſonos ſilet tumultus,
Nec feſtiva melos ciet Camœna?
Pendentem refugit quid uſque dextra
Et pulſare lyram, et movere cantus?
Auguſtum timet illa fors poetæ
Indigni numeris adire regem.
At candor tuus ille, magne princeps,
Ignoſcet citharæ parum ſcienti;
Cum nec Muſa tuum poteſt tacere,
Nec dignè didicit ſacrare nomen,
GEORGÎ, qui populo prius beato
Plauſûs materiem novam dediſti:
Nam fecit CAROLETTA te parentem
Tanto digna viro, ſuamque prolem
Jam curis vacuamque, regiique
Ignaram generis, ſinu jacentem
Mulcet ſollicito, putatque blando
Virtutes puero tuas ineſſe.
Salve, chare puer, tuoque quondam,
Ut nunc præſidio patris, recumbat,
Dum laudes celebrat tuas, Camœna!
Stillantes nimio cruore lauros
Deponant Britones, caputque oliva
Tollat languidulum, diuque vernet!
Tuque olim, puer auſpicate, pacem
Præſtes Angligenis, ſaturque famæ
Quæſitum meritis petas Olympum!

Ricardus Jacobus Lawrence,
Aulæ B. M. V.
Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

AMica Juno partubus nunc anxias
Secundat Angliæ preces;
Dignata lecti regii concordiam,
Dignata Britonum fidem,
Britanniæque nobiles victorias,
Firmare dulci pignore.
Nunc facta mater ſedulis infantulum
Geſtit fovere brachiis
CHARLOTTA, et importuna blandientibus
Miſcere dictis oſcula:
Dum ſuave pondus membra devinctum jacet
Placidiſſimis ſoporibus;
Nec excitatur claſſicorum murmure,
Nec hoſtium horreſcit minas.
O ſomne dulcis, ſubdolum ſolatium
Deformis ægrimoniæ,
Infantis otioſa mulces lumina
Vi blandulâ papaverum;
Ultro quietis prodigus! patris tamen
Contemnis irritas preces.
Nullum a laboribus reclinat otium
Turbata GEORGÎ pectora.
Flet pervicacem Galliæ ſuperbiam,
Vanos et Hiſpani dolos;
Flet civium tropæa tincta ſanguine. —
At O favens mortalibus
Tranquilla Pax oſtendat aureum jubar!
Sereniori pectore
Tandem requirat GEORGIUS domeſticæ
Felicitatis munia!
Tandem parentem gratus occupet labor
Nati indolem componere
Curâ fideli: jura belli ſeu juvet,
Seu curiæ ſententias

GRATULATIO

Referre. Tandem patriis virtutibus
  Paterna ſceptra dirigat
Hæres, (procul quod O faceſſat!) Angliæ
  Tutela, ſpes, columen, decus!

Philippus Baker,
Æd. Chriſt. Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

SAlve magna dies! quam læta Britannia jactat
  Eſſe ſuam; hanc albo Britones numerare lapillo
Olim gaudebant; nec nunc clamore minori
Augurium accipiunt: montes et ſaxa reſultant
Conſcia lætitiæ; et ſævus procul audiit Indus.
Te, dilecte puer, patriæ tutela futura,
Sollicitæ indulſit tandem Latonia genti.
Quo veniente ferox Gallus non ſurgit in arma,
Incola non Iſtri; lethalia bella quieſcunt,
Arvaque mutatus gladius mirantia frangit,
Dum pax alma tuis cunis prætendit olivam.
Tuque infans facili riſu cognoſcere matrem
Incipe, dum mixtos referent pulchra ora parentes,
Qui thalami fœdus ſummis virtutibus ornant.
Integer ætatis, patrias imitaberis artes,
Extendes dextram miſeris, propriumque vocabis
Angligenum ſanctas leges et jura tueri.
Nulla mali commenta doli, ſpecioſa tyrannis,
Mentibus illudent Britonum; ſed pura manebit
Relligio patrum, multos ſervanda per annos.
Jam celebrent artes, tuta et commercia, gentes,
Læta trium fuſis decurrant ſecla ſororum,
Inque aurum priſcum redeant jam tempora; charæ
Libertatis honos niteat per regna GEORGI,
Accipiatque preces leni deus aure Britannûm,
"Stet fortuna domûs, et avi numerentur avorum."

Petrus Gunning Oriel. Coll. Commenſ.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

TIme-honour'd Iſis, and renowned Cam
Still ſee the laurel'd Muſe beſide their ſtreams
Roam ever mindful of her loyal taſk.
Whether ſhe ſorrow o'er the Mighty fall'n
In ſtrains expreſſive of the ſoul-felt grief,
Or paint the nuptial ſcene, or now proclaim
With gratulating lay a new-born prince.
Nor here alone, where wiſdom juſtifies
The raptur'd heart, prevails the patriot joy.
The grateful tidings glad the jocund ſwains;
Blythe leap their hearts, and 'round the maypole, deckt
Anew with garlands, they in chearful dance
Trip lightly to the ſound of ſhepherd's pipe.
The rural veteran underneath his vine
The cup of freedom quaffs, bleſſing the reign
Of patriot GEORGE; and whilſt his infant train
Play 'round his knee, unconſcious of the cauſe
Whence glows the luſtre in their parent's eye,
"And you, my babes, he cries, in after times
"Shall view with extaſy a patriot prince."
Meantime the warrior, who in freedom's cauſe
Feels unremitting fires, what time he hears
His Britain gloried in another GEORGE,
Eager in th' edge of battle, when the drum
Heart-ſtirring, and the clarion wakes the fight,
Clenches with ſtarting nerves his gliſt'ring ſword,
And ruſhes to the conflict — GEORGE's name
Provokes the manly combat: hark! I hear
The Britiſh cannon in the troubled air
Wing'd with dire vengeance: thro' the new-made breach
Methinks I ſee the ſons of Freedom march
With haſty ſtrides to victory and fame.
Now may Bellona drop her war-worn lance
Glutted with deſolation; for alaſs
Too many thouſands fill the tomb, who wiſh'd

In ſocial eaſe to end their lengthened days.
How vain their hopes — the iron hard of war
Scatter'd their corſes on th' enſanguin'd plain.
But other ſcenes await the praiſeful muſe,
And bid her wind afreſh the ſounding chords.
The ſovereign word is paſs'd — and peace deſcends.
See at her high beheſt war's troubled ſea,
Which lately bore upon it's billowy wave
The wreck of nations, ſink into a calm —
See on the ſtream where unaffrighted Nymphs,
Daughters of commerce, from their pearly caves,
Diſporting hear the rapture-breathing ſhell
By their ſlight fingers touch'd: hark! how they ſing
Thy praiſes, honour'd GEORGE, with hymning voice
Sing thee large-hearted, with extenſive zeal
Inflam'd to public virtue; while they wiſh
In rich profuſion to thy royal babe
Each heav'nly virtue, tranſcript of thine own,
Whoſe early-bright example ſhall inſtruct
Kings yet unborn to form the patriot plan.
When thou ſhalt ſcrutinize with holy zeal
The ſecret crimes that ſtain a guilty land,
Then ſhalt thou thus beſpeak thy fleets; "Go forth;
And where your ſtreaming honours have been hail'd
By diſtant nations, bear that ſacred name
At which with lowly reverence I bow."
Then ſhall recording angels character
Thy blazon'd name among the deathleſs kings
Who on eternal truth their glory rais'd —
And thou, exalted high amid thy peers
On ſainted ſeats, ſhalt ſhine thro' endleſs time.

George Butt,
Student of Chriſt Church.

WHile by the ſide of Iſis' ſedgy ſtream
Inſpired bards attune the Attic lyre
To ſounds harmonious: me, awhile retir'd
From calm philoſophy and penſive thought
To Lindum's once-fam'd walls, the jocund train
Sporting in youthful round, invite to mirth
And feſtive jollity. What tho' nor plains
Where glides the ſmooth Peneus' glaſſy flood,
Stealing in ſlow meander through the vale
Of verdant Tempe, nor Scamander's rills,
Nor Cydnus gently-moving, erſt could boaſt
Of fairer nymphs, than thoſe which ever grace
Slow Witham's courſe; yet ſhall not theſe detain
Th' ambitious youth, who, emulous of praiſe,
Weaves the untutor'd lay, which nature prompts,
Nature the voice of truth. — 'Tis when the ſtar
Of dawning eve, and crimſon clouds diſplay
The ſun faſt verging to Heſperian climes;
Fair contemplation maid of heavenly birth,
Pleas'd with the ſilence of approaching night,
Opes to the muſing mind the varied page
Of ancient legend, or recorded truths
Of hiſtory unfolds. With glancing eye
Now thrones and princedoms views, and ruthleſs times
Of ſad confuſion; when ambition, big
With furious rage, and tyrants trampling laws
Rous'd ſleeping vengeance, rous'd ſome patriot band
Reſolv'd to live or die with liberty.
Fairer to view I trace the glowing paths
Of Edward's glorious reign: o'er Gallia's fields
How ſtorm his ſoldiers! How in order range
His firm united ſquadrons! There he ſaw
His warlike ſon gath'ring eternal fame,

The conqueror's meed: expreſſion found not vent:
He ſaw, and wept in tears of ecſtacy.
  Yet not in pompous triumphs, nor renown
Of hoſtile deeds, nor in the flatt'ring joys
Elated victors feel, or pleaſure dwells
Or greatneſs; but refining from the ſtrains
Of popular applauſe, the ſage perceives
By reaſon's purer lamp, much ſtill remains
To character the good and great. — The ſoul
That nobly breathes one ſtill ſerene of bliſs
Unruffled, conſcious all it meditates
Is for the public weal, (whom not the ſweets
Of flattery's enchanting bowl ſeduce
From virtue's ſteady paths, nor ſenſual luſts
Sink in voluptuous meaner joys) deſerves
That praiſe. — But on whoſe brows ſhall merit place
It's ever-blooming crown, unleſs on thine,
Illuſtrious prince, whoſe earlieſt rule diſplays
Virtues that well become th' experienc'd head
Grown gray in years? For thee the patriot's breaſt
With heart-exulting tranſports glows: for thee
The hind, careleſs of want, ſince plenty crowns
His crowded ſimple board, enjoying life
In full ſecurity of ruſtic peace
And home-bred native joys, to heav'n pours forth
In ſilent gratitude his pious ſoul.
  How could the ling'ring muſe anticipate
Thoſe future ſcenes, when you with all the care
Of fond parental tenderneſs ſhall ope
The bloom of youth, the high capacious pow'rs,
Which fill the ſoul, unlock; and ſee, well-pleas'd,
Progreſſive virtue dawn; the miſts of ſenſe
(Whoſe groſſer medium cheats th' unwary mind
With falſe perſpective) from the riſing beams

Of majeſty retire. — For what are all
The pomp of rule, the nobleneſs of birth,
Or glitt'ring pride, or honour's pageantry,
Where truth's energic pow'rs, where temp'rance, love,
Blend not their genial influence, but vain charms
Which ſatiate ſoon, and pall the languid ſenſe?
  Yet is there aught ſo fair, ſo wondrous fair,
So lovely ſeen thro' nature's peerleſs works,
Thro' all the rich variety of art,
As when the ſocial virtues deck the throne,
And grace the ſeat of majeſty? 'Tis then
The cloiſter'd ſage in admiration rapt
Joins the applauſe of fame, and hails the prince
For virtue juſtly honour'd. — Say what elſe,
When heaven has call'd thee to itſelf; when grief
Flowing ſincere, and ſorrowing anguiſh mourns
Thee loſt; what elſe can ſooth affliction's pangs,
Stop the big tear that ſtarts from ev'ry eye,
But this, their ſolace; that the ſon of GEORGE,
Great in his father's virtues, greater ſtill
In his own fame reſplendent, wears the crown
Of Albion's iſle, bleſt ſeat of liberty!

Humphrey Sibthorp,
Scholar of C. C. C.

GRATULATIO

ALterno verſans motu cunabula, tales
Infanti cecinit fida miniſtra modos.
"Dormis, blande puer, circumſcriptuſque quieſcis
Finibus anguſtæ, magna propago, domûs.
Nec te regnandi capit importuna libido,
Nec ſenſus ſolii ſplendida cura movet.
Nulla Voluptatis, ſpecioſâ fraude renidens,
Provocat ad vetitum vis maleſuada nefas.
Non vana effuſo clamore Licentia gaudens
Vulnerat auriculas ſeditioſa tuas.
Sed requie placidâ perfuſus membra, ſopori
Leniter arrides, ambitione minor.
Aſt olim adveniet tempus, cum te quoque pompæ
Splendor, et imperii triſte gravabit onus;
Sollicituſque timor partos ſervare triumphos
Coget, et hoſtiles pellere marte minas:
Dum tibi ſervitium quærens imponere, tetra
Peſtis adulantes faſque nefaſque movent;
Et fićto obſequio mentem illaqueare virilem,
Sirenum ritu, turba doloſa ſtudet.
At fidus documenta pater ſtillabit, et iſtos
Fallere ſuadebit, ſe præeunte, dolos.
Tu modo conſilium facili, puer, aure paternum
Arripe, et attento pećtore dićta bibas.
O quàm CHARLOTTAM teneras tibi fingere voces,
Et prima inſontis verba notare juvat!
Ut juvat et feſſo tibi, ſed tamen uſque loquaci,
Exigua in molli ponere membra toro!
Dum pede ſuſpenſo furtim ſubdućta, quietem
Dilećti pueri ſollicitare vetat.
Hanc ſemper requiem carpas ô, curaque ſomnos
Nulla tuos rumpat, parvule, nulla dies."

J. Crawley,
Coll. Magd. Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

REgia ut nutrix graviter querentem
Senſerat miſtis lachrymis puellum,
Spem Britannorum, et decus utriuſque
Dulce parentis;
Dexteram quaſſat, ſimul et loquacem
Addidit nutum, teneroſque planctus
Suaviter mulcens, placido fefellit
Carmine curas.
" Tene, quem, ſidus meliore natum
Omine, arrecti celebrant Britanni,
Hos triumphanti patriæ viciſſim
Reddere fletus?
Tene, cui junctis precibus ſalutem
Unicè poſcunt, miſerum dolere?
Tolle vagitus, nimioſque quæſo
Comprime luctus.
Comprime, et votis bona quæ rogamus
Numina, ô riſu incipias fateri,
Neſcius qui te maneant triumphi,
Quanta tropæa.
Dii tibi donent, puer invidende,
Gratiam, et famam, vegetoſque ſenſus:
Noſtra nec vano repetita perdas
Gaudia queſtu."
Audiit, victuſque ſono quievit;
Poſcit et lætus crepitacula — aſt hæc,
Omine arrepto, "Cape, dixit: olim
Sceptra capeſſes."

Jacobus Davies,
Coll. Linc. Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

GRATULATION

ODE TO THE GENIUS OF SNOWDON.

GEnius of that mountain old
Whoſe antient chiefs in battle bold
Againſt aſſailing tyrants ſtood,
And pour'd to liberty their blood;
Thou, who, on thy Snowdon's height,
Oft at the grey approach of night
Obſerveſt many a mailed ghoſt,
Leaders once of Cambria's hoſt,
Proudly ſtalking o'er the heath;
Llewellyn, greateſt in his death;
And David, faithful by his ſide,
With whom his country's freedom dy'd;
And murder'd Bards, who ſmear'd with gore
Aſcend from dreary Arvon's ſhore;
And all aſſembling in a ring
With taunts defy that ruthleſs King,
Whoſe fated offspring felt the curſe
Denounc'd in ſage prophetic verſe:
Genius of that mountain old,
At length your plaintive woes withhold:
And let each fierce indignant form,
That mutters to the midnight ſtorm,
Your empire loſt no more bewail,
But bid returning glory hail.
Sprung from a long deſcent of kings
The pledge of freedom CHARLOTTE brings;
The pledge of freedom, to endure
To lateſt ages, firm and pure.
Then hail the year, and hail the morn;
When this your genuine prince was born. —

Genius

Genius of that mountain old,
To whom that wiſard * prophet told
The fatal changes in thy doom,
Of ſtrife and battles yet to come:
Thy free-born ſons, thy martial land
Subject to many a tyrant's hand:
'Till late a monarch great and wiſe
From Britain's parent earth ſhould riſe,
Should riſe your empire to reſtore
Far beyond it's antient power.—
Genius of that mountain old,
At length your promis'd king behold!
Conqueſt and fame he gives again
To Britain's ſtill unrival'd plain.
Snowdon, behold your pride reſtor'd!
No more you feel oppreſſion's ſword.
And hark, with joy your mountain rings,
The darling pledge while CHARLOTTE brings;
The pledge of freedom, to endure
To lateſt ages, firm and pure:
Then hail the year and hail the morn,
When this your genuine prince was born.

* Merlin.

J. Ballard,
Fellow of New College.

FRom the verſe-inſpiring groves,
From the meads where Clio roves
Near Iſis' oſier'd ſtream,
Where late to hail thy nuptial day
The Muſes fram'd the votive lay,
When Hymen was their theme;

GRATULATIO

Again the ſons of Science pour
Affection's warm endearing lore,
  Again their harps employ;
Say, happy prince, what gentle muſe
Will the fair meed of verſe refuſe
  To conſecrate thy joy?

Favour'd of heav'n! 'tis thine to prove
The real bliſs of virtuous love,
  A parent's pleaſing care:
To grant thy offspring length of days
In holy hope Religion prays,
  And Albion joins the pray'r.

O joy beyond expreſſion ſweet!
From ſplendid mis'ry to retreat
  To ſcenes ſupremely bleſt;
To view the lovely royal fair
Gaze fondly on her infant care,
  Then fold him to her breaſt!

O be it, GEORGE, thy boaſt and pride
Parental duty to divide,
  His tender mind to rear:
Teach him for honeſt fame to glow,
To ſympathize with human woe,
  And ſhed the ſocial tear.

So ſhall the nations bleſs thy care,
Religion pour her ardent pray'r,
  Applaud thy virtuous plan;
So ſhall his ev'ry action tend
To ſhew himſelf, like you, the friend
  Of Britain and of Man.

T. Luntley, Fellow of St. John's Coll.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

AD REGINAM.

CHarlotta, quo Camœna nomen dulcius
Haud jactat ullum, nec ſuis jucundius,
Seu te Georgî concinat ſociam tui,
(Regni ô torique particeps) libentiuſve
Alma invidendæ prolis audias parens,
Britannicique ſoſpitatrix imperî;
Quot vota ſolvit Anglia, in tuam anxiè
Inhians ſalutem! quæ referta in patriam
(Vix hæc merentem) contuliſti pignora
Amore fido dum ſtudet rependere,
Vectigal en! proclivis obſequii ferens.
Ex quo, relinquens patrii fines ſoli,
Huc advolâſti, mille tecum gratias
Ducens, frequentem prænitens inter chorum;
Sperare multa protinus Britannia,
Spondere de te multa — tu non irritam
Hanc ſpem dediſti: cernis ut victoriis
Cumulum triumphos gaudet hos accedere
Sponſus beatus; gaudet haud illo minus
Partem colonus ipſe lætitiæ ferens,
Et pocla libat, ſponte jam voti reus?
Salve, parentes inter inſignis parens!
Tandem patronum conſpicata Cambria
Cunis ab ipſis petere ad imperium viam,
Fictique ſceptri parva ferre pondera,
Miratur inſueti vices ſpectaculi,
Et magnus, inquit, annus en! iterum redit,
Pacem reducens, pacis atque munera.
Atque ô, jugalis pignus iſthoc fœderis
Dum regiæ concordiam firmat domûs,
Cives eodem jungat uſque vinculo!
Britoneſque diſcant, Eſſe primum militis,
Hoſti imperare, munus; alterum, ſibi.

Guilielmus Wheatley, Coll. Magd. Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

WITH joyous ſound of gratulation due
Each tow'red city and each rural hill
Reſounded wide; and now the pleaſing tale
Had reach'd Eugenio: he far diſtant liv'd
In a lone vale ſequeſt'ring, 'long whoſe ſide
He oft was wont at eve or morn to wind
His penſive way, and, as he walk'd, would court
Calm contemplation. Much he there convers'd
With nature and her works, and much revolv'd
Of moral and divine, but yet not leaſt
Of happineſs, theme of beſt muſing high,
And worthieſt of man! miſtaken oft
For fancy's coinage, counterfeit and falſe,
Gay ſhapes and ſemblances, unreal all
As ſhadows fleeting with the morn. Nor much
He reck'd of what men greateſt call or beſt,
Nought true diſcerning; but, as faſhion leads,
By ſhew exterior, meaſuring good and ill.
Thus they unweeting judge, following the herd,
Miſled. "All otherwiſe (he ſaid) I deem
Of happineſs; not found in arched roofs
Of gorgeous palaces, but oftener ſeen
Under the ſhelter of ſome ſtraw-built cott,
With ruſtic ſwain ſojourning: him ſhe leads
Each morn up hill or opening lawn, 'midſt ſound
Of birds melodious, and the bleating noiſe
Of many a fold; and helps the livelong day
To chear with ſong or pipe, while he, beneath
Tall whiſpering pines, or high o'erſhadowing oaks
Embow'red, his rude taſk plies 'till eventide:
Then as by fits he hears a neighbouring brook
Hoarſe-brawling 'mong the rocks, he upward looks
And bleſſes heav'n. Meantime he lives unknown
To cares of royalty, and ſharp-pointed thorns

Wreathing a crown: which, while it ſeems to gild,
Sore galls the head that wears it; dazzling bright,
And ſpecious ſeen by vulgar ken, but, view'd
Thro' reaſon's glaſs, envy's high-towering mark,
Or the worſe butt of pois'nous flatterers.
Yet I not blame heaven's ruling will, and wiſe
Diſpoſe, which, ſtill from all educing good,
Of virtuous tryal fair occaſion gives
And greater glory, how much more true worth
To venom'd darts lies obvious, when fix'd
In high preeminence. Thus the bleſt ſoul,
That once was Charles below, but now enthron'd
In everlaſting ſeats, the brighter roſe
From miſery's whelming flood, and midſt the waves
Of ſorrow rode ſuperior, till heaven's ſhore
It gain'd. So much did virtue ſmooth the path
Of diſtreſs'd royalty! And ſoon (for ſhe
Has power alike to arbitrate events
Or proſp'rous or adverſe) ſhall ſteer thy ſteps
Thro' better fortunes, GEORGE, and lead them on
From infancy and youth to manhood's hill.
Whence looking back with calm eye thou may'ſt view
Each dubious ſcene; and as thou ſtill declin'ſt
With tottering foot adown the ſlope of age
To death's dank vale, may'ſt each day ſay, I've liv'd."

William Beckman,
Gentleman Commoner
of Braſenoſe College.

GRATULATIO

QUOT clara dudum, te duce, geſſerit
Miles, Georgî, mente Britannia
Lætâ revolvens, hæc locuta eſt,
Fronde caput redimita lauri.
"En! mole quantâ in ſidera tollitur
Virtus Britannûm, neſcia deprimi!
En, ut ſecundo devehuntur
Flumine cuncta, favente cœlo!
Splendens coronæ inſignibus, audio
Regina rerum, gentium et arbitra;
Utroque devictis ſub axe,
Jam mihi fas dare jura Gallis.
Hæc quo rependam munere? Quæ tibi,
Tutela mundi, pro meritis tuis
Sat digna reddam, fama in horas
Unde mihi renovata creſcit?
Lenire curas ſedula, principum
Quæ corda tangunt, connubio tibi
Fauſto dicavi virginem, cui
Forma nitens viget et juventas,
Et conſilii vis. Hinc bene mutuo
Amore fervent pectora conſcia,
Adſunt decentes Gratiæque,
Cura quatit celereſque pennas.
Ut ſit perennis gloria, ſubvenit
Natus, parentum deliciæ et decus,
Spes et Britannûm; qui paternâ
Conſilii (nec enim paventem
Gignunt leones hinnuleum feri)
Famâ vigebit; qui, patre fulgidos
In ordines divûm relato,
Mente pari reget æquus orbem."

Joannes Taylor,
Coll. Æn. Naſ. Schol.

FElix illa dies, ſeris digniſſima faſtis,
Quæ patribus regem, libertatique patronum
Brunſvicum dedit, et nunc ſpem ſurgentis Iuli.
Te, GEORGÎ, veniente, ſonus per littora fluxit
Undique lætitiæ: implexæque ſororibus Horæ
Feſtivos duxere choros, tenebraſque fugarunt:
Ecce iterum magnus gaudet procedere menſis;
Puniceiſque invecta rotis Aurora colores
Explicat, et meliorem inducit lucis amictum.
Nec tibi grata minus lux hæc, ſanctiſſime præſul,
Cui prolem inſignem divini aſpergere fontis
Rore ſacro ſuperi, faciles in vota, dederunt,
Quæque patri impoſita eſt, nato implorare ſalutem.
Dormi, blande puer; nec tentet rumpere ſomnos
Morborum Lethæa cohors: cunabula circum
Invigilet Britonum genius; te mille periclis
Eripiens, ſalvum maturos præſtet in annos.
Aſt ubi paulatim creſcens adoleverit ætas,
Exemplum ante oculos ponas imitabile patris,
Aggrediens magnos bellique et pacis honores.
Sit, princeps, tibi cura, viget dum læta juventus,
Armorum ſtrepitus, ſonituſque audire tubarum,
Stipatas equitum turmas, peditumque catervas
Inſtruere; innocui Martis ſimulacra ciere,
Adverſiſque jubere acies concurrere telis.
Tempus erit, cum pacta fides ſpernetur, et exul
Pax fugiet; lugenſque Europa pericula belli
Angliacas acies in prælia juſta vocabit;
Cum Britonum virtus, duce te teque auſpice, Princeps,
Præcipites Gallos patriis excedere terris
Coget, et Hiſpanos equitare minoribus agris.
Quin tibi ſit cura ingenuis prætendere olivam
Artibus, et paci ſtabilitæ imponere morem.

GRATULATIO

Aſpice disjectos quam luget America vicos,
Dum flectens aciem, vacuos cultoribus agros
Proſpicit, et rivos tabo fluitare recenti.
Quid memorem fuſas acies Aquilonis ab antro,
Crudeles turmas, et flecti neſcia corda?
Accipiunt belli ſolâ de valle tumultum,
Corripiuntque fugam, uxores: nec ſegnior inſtat
Barbarus; intentuſque novis ſpoliis rotat enſem
Fulmineum. Matres nequicquam ad genua volutæ,
Nequicquam blandi infantes ad pectora rident.
Te veniente, puer, belli teterrima peſtis
Jam fugit, et luſum Mavors deponit iniquum;
Certatim augurium Britones venerantur, et omen
Accipiunt læti; ſpondent Saturnia regna,
Et Georgî ſimiles in ſecula longa nepotes.

Nicolaus Hornſby,
Coll. Mert. Portioniſta.

GO, Muſe, and ſweep ſome ſprightlier ſtring;
And on thy trembling pinions borne,
Greet with ſweet ſtrain this ſoftly-ſmiling morn,
Whence Britain's brighteſt day ſhall ſpring.
Lo! dawning in the orient ſky,
Yon new-born lamp lights up it's ray,
And ſoon ſhall climb the ſteepy way;
While from it's dew-beſprinkled wings
It's balmy bleſſings round it flings,
All as it mounts to it's meridian high.

Whether

Whether, as powers divine ſhall will,
'Tis given with unpolluted blaze
To roll it's kindling car,
And foremoſt flame among
The axles of the ſpangled throng;
Or ſome dark cloud awhile obſcure it's rays,
That after it may ſhed a truer glow,
And for th' eclipſe but brighter ſhew;
Full well, I deem, this infant ſtar
It's race will run, and gain heav'ns topmoſt hill.

Then thou with aſpect mild look down,
Propitious influence, from thy beamy throne;
And if aught ſtill unpurg'd remains
Of foul pollution's hateful ſtains;
Or darkſome miſts the pure light ſoil,
Low brooding o'er this fev'riſh iſle
With hov'ring wing; the taſk be thine
To chaſe the ſhade, and in the darkneſs ſhine.
Nor thou, bleſt cynoſure,
High planted in the ſtarry chime,
Diſdain to chear our drooping clime
With the bright radiance of example pure.
So ſhall the traveller on this earthly ſtage
With due eye ken thee riding in thy ſphere;
And as he looks, ſhall learn by thee to ſteer
His way thro' life's uncertain pilgrimage.

Filmer Honywood,
Second Son of Sir *John Honywood* Bart.
Commoner of Braſenoſe College.

GRATULATIO

THE mattin lark, that ſoaring high
With muſic fills the gladſome ſky,
A genial air inſpires:
To man more noble ſtrains belong;
He frames the bold, th' exulting ſong,
When warmth extatic fires;
Each paſſion may a different muſe employ;
Triumphant numbers ſuit, and were ordain'd for joy.

Come then, fantaſtic Poeſie,
Enraptur'd, graceful, blythe and free;
With Harmony thy friend:
What heart ſincerer tranſport knows!
Behold the brighteſt ſcenes diſcloſe,
And bleſſings ſtill attend
On dear Britannia! — Gentle CHARLOTTE, ſee,
Full meed of irkſome months, the babe that ſmiles on thee.

When revolving years unfold
The various beauties of his mind,
With pleaſure ſhall be told,
"GEORGE and CHARLOTTE there we find!"
For well I ween their virtues ſhall deſcend:
Adorn his life and bleſs his latter end.
The ſpotted pard did ne'er bely his race;
Nor does the tawny whelp his generous ſire diſgrace.

William Whalley, A. M.
of Braſenoſe College.

Παντων μεγιστε χοιρανων ὑφ' ἡλιω
Φαει, τι μειζον ευτυχες,
Η ιδιον, η δημου σκοπουσα συμφερον,
Η Μουσα σοι σοφων θελοι;
Θυραζε νικαν, ενδον (ἡδιστον καρα)
Τιμαθαι εν δημῳ δοσαν,
Και κτασθαι αξιαν θρηνυ μεδχον θεοι·
Και, μη πο' ευδαιμον δεῃ,
Νυν παιδ' επεμψαν, ακρον ελπιδων γλκυ·
Συτ', ω βρεφος πεφιλημμον,
Πατερος αειδου κυδος, ηδε μητερος
Χαειουσα τερψι φιλτατης,
Πασης τ' αγαλμα πατριδος Βρεταννιης,
Φαινοις τοκων αξιος
Απασιν ευχομεθα θεοις· πατρος τεην
Αρετη εγειρει καρδιην
Εις εργα καλα κ'αγαθα, τιμην, και δικην,
Και σεμνοτητ', ἡ Ζεις μεγας
Μαλιστα χαιρει· ὡστε μη ποτε πλωσιμα
Κλαυσει Βρεταννις χαρματα,
Αλλ', ὁταν ἑταιροις σεων φιλοις οινον χεοι,
Ουτως σοφουδησει γερων·
Οιαν, Βρεταννοι, τῃ πατριδ' οἱαν σχολην
Επραξε σωφρων κοιρανος,
Λαοισιν εντιμος πατηρ· ὁ μεν ματην
Υψηλον εις ἑδος θεν
Ευχαι Βρεταννης εβαν τῳδ' ημαρ
Οταν συ πρωτον γενεο.
Νυν παντα σης ὑπ' αρχης καλως ειδομεν
Τελεσμεν', ὡς πατρις ελδεται,
Χαιρουσι δωροις της ελευθεριας, φλογος
Πολεμοιο σβεννυμενης κακου.

Edvardus Salter, Ædis Chriſti Alumnus.

GRATULATIO

WHere Oxford views the ſource of rural wealth,
The hand of induſtry and nerve of health,
Forth ſteps the thoughtful ſage at early morn,
By matted meadow green, or yellow corn;
And oft, while Morpheus' torpid bands are ſpread
O'er the dull brain, and unprolific head,
Sweet inſpiration warms the active youth,
Fancy's bright rays, or ſteady light of truth:
Autumnus here preſerves the golden grain,
And hovers genial o'er the faithful plain:
Here roſe with humid wing from Charwell's ſtream,
Amidſt the fatt'ning miſt, and orient gleam
That aim'd its level line of pallid hue,
And ſpread his white attire to mortal view;
Looſe flow'd the robe, and ſhone with pureſt white,
Save where diſcolour'd by the tincture bright
Of purpled vintage, or the dedal crown
Of fruits, whoſe ripen'd juices trickled down:
The well-wrought ſickle glitter'd in his hand,
And thrice he wav'd it o'er the droughty land.
"Yet here, he cried, ſome plenty ſhall I find,
My cares rewarded, and my ſubjects kind;
In diſtant fields, where'er I wont to ſtray,
Earth groans beneath the fev'riſh blaze of day;
Her boſom vegetative juice denies,
Her comely front in ſqualid grayneſs lies:
Each gaſping Dryad hides her torrid head,
And ancient rivers quit the ſandy bed:
From the parch'd cleſts the trooping gadflies burſt,
And goad the cattle languiſhing with thirſt;
A treaſure now is every dewy drop
Which with the prickly furze they chance to crop;
Driv'n to the waſte, bare heath, or arid bank,
Wild broom they browze, and ſcanty thiſtles rank:

O'er

O'er ample foreſts trait'rous worms are ſeen
To mar their fruits, and taint their foliage green.
But heav'n has mercy ſtill; nor much I moan
Exhauſted earth, and her abundance flown. —
See ſpreading branches of the royal ſtem,
Th' eſtabliſh'd throne, and ſtrengthen'd diadem!
Not ſuch my pride in fields of wavy corn,
In wine or oil, or plenty's various horn,
As when mankind extends its peopled ſtore,
The thronging city, and the ſwarming ſhore;
Hence commerce ſits triumphant at her helm,
And ſtrength and riches guard the poliſh'd realm:
Own then, ye wiſe, whoſe mental view is caſt
On future times, nor mindleſs of the paſt,
No vulgar bleſſing of the hand divine
This budding hope of Britain's royal line!
See Faction from her ſtrongeſt holds ſhut out,
The maze of Pedigree, and houſe of Doubt,
While to the ſword vain diſputations yield,
And claims of Title dye th'enſanguin'd field.
Fly, venom'd Diſcord, to thy native hell!
And, Superſtition, ſeek thy monkiſh cell!
Here pure Religion, walking hand in hand
With perfect Freedom, guards the favour'd land.
Ev'n Europe claims her ſhare of patriot joy,
Building high hope on Britain's royal boy!
Cement of union! that ſhall feel no waſte
From bounded time, or life's impetuous haſte!
Still ſhall the king, the father, and the friend,
O'er loyal hearts protecting love extend;
Still fair deſcendants ſhall the nuptials bleſs,
And glorious actions nobleſt birth expreſs:
As when ſome ſtream, a city's thirſt to ſlake,
From mountainous ſprings is taught it's courſe to take,

The rills, deriv'd, with limpid bounty bright
Flow not oblivious of their parent's height.
Such laſting bleſſings are by heav'n aſſign'd
To well-rein'd paſſions, and the pious mind,
The ſoul connubial, ſcorning ſelfiſh life
For mutual obligation's pleaſing ſtrife,
That ſees the leſſons of domeſtic days
On private goodneſs public wiſdom raiſe;
The cluſtering ſocial virtues join'd in one,
A ruling parent, as a duteous ſon.
No more Autumnus' careful brow ſhall fear
The thankleſs harveſt, and penurious year,
Should ev'n theſe fields their wonted gifts refuſe,
Though moiſt with Iſis' and with Charwell's dews,
Yet would I boaſt, where'er I take my flight,
While vegetation ſleeps thro' winter's night,
That glorious fruitfulneſs has deign'd to ſmile
With richeſt influence on my much-lov'd iſle."
He ſaid, and breathing o'er his ſubject throng
The ſpirit of labour, urg'd by ruſtic ſong,
Midſt ſhow'rs of roſes, to the fragrant gale
He gave his outſtretch'd wing's reſplendent ſail;
Then ſteer'd his courſe through tracts of airy way
To ſouthern climes of undiminiſh'd day.

Robert Vanſittart, LL. D.
Fellow of All Souls College.

בתולה בת עמי
בריטניה מוחנדה
לבשי נא לבשי בגדי תפארתך
בגדי תהלה כי נאות תהלה:

אשרי העם בארץ
שמלכו טוב וצדיק
אשרי אשרי העם שככה לו
אם לא ימות המלך כי יחיה:

אשה מגדל על מות
וחי האב בבניו
למלכנו בני בנים יקומו
הן ילדה שגל בן נתן לה:

היום ברוך ההוא
והשחר בו ילד שר
לפני יום זה ירח יקר הלוך
זרחי אורי בו שמש לעולם:

בני הנביאים ששים
כל כנורות העירו
הגידו הם אושר מלך ועם
ויקראו כל גוי אל תודה:

חנו כבוד לאל עליון
מאשרים בריטנים
לדור ודור תרוממה שמו
לעד חסדו עליכם הללו יה:

Benj. Kennicott, S. T. P.
Collegii Exonienſis Socius.

GRATULATIO

FElix objecto diviſa Britannia ponto!
O! ſecura mali! te non virtutis egentem
Inſanus belli longè circumſtrepit horror.
Intereà dubio trepidat Germania motu,
Seu victrix, ſeu victa, ſuis peritura triumphis.
Tu verò e celſâ deſpectas arce ruinas
Incolumis, ludum crudelem Martis inulta
Aſpicis, et ſocios tandem miſerata labores
Arma moves; præſens lapſis ſuccurrere rebus,
Erigere oppreſſos et debellare ſuperbos.
Incaſsùm ſolito ſe jactat Iberia faſtu
Vana minans; fruſtrà numeroſo milite fidens
Gallia et inſidiis et cladibus omnia vexat.
Tu perſtas illæſa hoſtilibus invia turmis,
Eliſoſque auſus et inermes deſpicis iras,
Atque impunè ſinis fluctus ad littora volvi.
Illi indignantes magno cum murmure circum
Clauſa fremunt, niſuque aditus rimantur inani:
Auditur longè fragor, et furor irritus exit
In ſpumam, laterique illiſa repellitur unda.
Salve, magna parens heroum, invictaque pugnis,
Tuta domi, metuenda foras, in utrumque parata,
Seu pacem, ſeu bella geris! Tu diſſita jungens
Intervalla locorum Indo dominaris utrique,
Velivolis liquidum complectens claſſibus orbem.
Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena triumphi!
Undique decerptas portat Victoria palmas,
Deplumes aquilas, decuſſaque lilia monſtrans,
Et Britonas rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.
I, peragra terras alio ſub ſole calentes;
Quà nitet Eoi gemmata ſuperbia luxûs;
Hinc Coromandel, et hinc Malabarica littora, Ganges
Quà ſeptemgemino prorumpit in æquora fluctu, et
Sole ſub Auſtrali quà decolor æſtuat Afer,
Et Niger auriferas circumfluus alluit oras,

Quáque

Quáque Arctoa lacus ſaltuſque Canadia pandit,
Cuncta patet tellus noſtro non invia marti.
En! domitus ſervit Laurentius omnibus undis,
Additaque Angliacis Borealis America regnis!
Audin', Io! qualis ſe tollit ad æthera pæan
Nauticus! omnis eo terrore Hiſpania latè
Contremuit, ſonitu perculſa ruentis Havannæ.
Illa minax fruſtrà munitas objicit arces,
Foſſarumque moras, et inexpugnabile vallum:
Anglus ovat victor; pavidi mirantur Iberi
Signa per obſeſſas fluitare Britannica turres,
Captivoſque Indos, et onuſtas merce carinas.
Tuque Caribbæas notiſſima Cycladas inter
Inſula dives opum, tuto, Martinica, portu,
I, nunc inſidias noſtris meditare carinis
Infelix, impar Marti congreſſa Britanno!
Per mare, per terras Europæ prædo repulſus
Terga dedit Gallus, minor in certamine longo,
Atque animis opibuſque exhauſtis, ſupplice geſtu
Prætendit ramum tardè creſcentis olivæ.
Talia Mœonio meditantem dicere verſu
Cynthius increpuit — "Tenuis ne grandia tentes;
Arma viroſque canant, et tinctas ſanguine palmas,
Queîs lituos acres inflare tubamque Maronis
Muſa dedit, magnumque loqui: te pacis alumnum
Muſa lyræ ſolers humiles agitare choreas
Admonet, et blando circum cunabula luſu
Acclinem placido teſtari gaudia plauſu —
Gaudia, quæ nato cum principe publica manent
In patriam populumque." O! ſpes ſurgentis Iuli
Quàm pulchrè captos pertentat imagine ſenſus,
Ad ſeros raptans ævi venientis honores,
Et docet ominibus votiſque hæc fauſta precari;
"Ah! tener hic vigeat nulli violabilis Euro

GRATULATIO

" Floſculus, et latè jucundos ſpiret odores!
" Emicet ad ſolem vivacis gratia formæ,
" Hortorum prædulce decus, multoſque per annos
" Perſtet honos! creſcenti illi creſcetis, amores!
" Chare puer, qualem ſibi finxit Roma futurum,
" Tu Marcellus eris, fatis melioribus uſus;
" Tu ſuperans meritis et ſpes et vota tuorum,
" In longum patriæ, tali plaudentis alumno,
" Gaudia produces, nullis violanda querelis.
" Vive diu! et regno ſuccedas ſerus avito!
Hæc tibi prima, puer, tenui munuſcula cultu
Muſa dedit, majora parans cum firmior ætas
Ediderit matura virum: tum clara parentis
Facta leges, repetenſque exempla domeſtica laudum
Ardebis miro patriæ virtutis amore.
Acclamat populus, " Tu nunc eris alter ab illo
Quo majus meliuſve nihil:" — Tua dicere facta
Incipiet tum Muſa mari terrâque triumphos,
Bella canens pacemque, atque artes pacis alumnas:
Te canet Auguſtum, qui civibus aurea condis
Secula, et auſpicio meliore tueris et ornas;
Cæſare digna gerens, et carmine digna Maronis.

Joannes Tottie, S.T.P.
Ædis Chriſti Sub-Decanus.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

WRITTEN AFTER THE LATE INSTALLATION AT WINDSOR.

IMperial Dome of Edward wiſe and brave!
Where warlike honour's brighteſt banners wave;
At whoſe proud Tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed ſteeds:
Though now no more thy creſted chiefs advance
In arm'd array, nor graſp the glittering lance;
Though knighthood boaſts the martial pomp no more
That grac'd it's gorgeous feſtivals of yore;
Say, conſcious Dome, if e'er thy marſhal'd knights
So nobly deck'd their old majeſtic rites,
As when, high-thron'd amid thy trophied Shrine,
GEORGE ſhone the leader of the garter'd line?
Yet future triumphs, Windſor, ſtill remain;
Still may thy bowers receive as brave a train:
For lo, to Britain and her Favour'd Pair,
Heaven's high command has ſent a ſacred Heir!
Him the bold pattern of his patriot ſire
Shall fill with early fame's immortal fire:
In life's freſh ſpring, e'er buds the promis'd prime,
His thoughts ſhall mount to virtue's meed ſublime:
The patriot fire ſhall catch, with ſure preſage,
Each liberal omen of his opening age;
Then to thy courts ſhall lead, with conſcious joy,
In ſtripling beauty's bloom the princely boy;
There firmly wreathe the Braid of heavenly die,
True valour's badge, around his tender thigh.
Meantime, thy royal piles that riſe elate
With many an antique tower, in maſſy ſtate,
In the young champion's muſing mind ſhall raiſe
Vaſt images of Albion's elder days.

While, as around his eager glance explores
Thy chambers rough with war's conſtructed ſtores,
Rude helms, and bruiſed ſhields, barbaric ſpoils
Of ancient chivalry's undaunted toils;
Amid the duſky trappings, hung on high
Young Edward's ſable mail ſhall ſtrike his eye:
Shall fire the youth, to crown his riper years
With rival Creſſys, and a new Poitiers;
On the ſame wall, the ſame triumphal baſe,
His own victorious monuments to place.
Nor can a fairer kindred title move
His emulative age to glory's love
Than Edward, laureate prince. In letter'd truth,
Oxford, ſage mother, ſchool'd his ſtudious youth:
Her ſimple inſtitutes, and rigid lore,
The royal nurſling unreluctant bore;
Nor ſhunn'd, at penſive eve, with loneſome pace
The moonlight cloyſter's checquer'd floor to trace;
Nor ſcorn'd to mark the ſun, at mattins due,
Stream through the ſtoried window's holy hue.
And O, Young Prince, be thine his moral praiſe;
Nor ſeek in fields of blood his warriour bays.
War has it's charms terrific. Far and wide
When ſtands th' embattled hoſt in banner'd pride;
O'er the vext plain when the ſhrill clangours run,
And the long phalanx flaſhes in the ſun;
When now no dangers of the deathful day
Mar the bright ſcene, nor break the firm array;
Full oft, too raſhly glows with fond delight
The youthful breaſt, and aſks the future fight;
Nor knows that Horror's form, a ſpectre wan,
Stalks, yet unſeen, along the gleamy van.
May no ſuch rage be thine: No dazzling ray
Of ſpecious fame thy ſtedfaſt feet betray.

Be thine domeſtic glory's radiant Calm,
Be thine the ſcepter wreath'd with many a palm;
Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
The ſilver lyre to milder conqueſt ſtrung!
Inſtead of glorious feats atchiev'd in arms,
Bid riſing Arts diſplay their mimic charms:
Juſt to thy country's fame, in tranquil days
Record the paſt, and rouze to future praiſe:
Before the public eye, in breathing braſs,
Bid thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs paſs:
Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
And cloath with Minden's plain th' hiſtoric hall.

Then mourn not, Edward's Dome, thine ancient boaſt,
Thy turnaments, and liſted combats loſt!
From Arthur's Board, no more, proud caſtle, mourn
Adventurous valour's gothic trophies torn!
Thoſe elfin charmes, that held in magic night
It's elder fame, and dimm'd it's genuine light,
At length diſſolve in truth's meridian ray,
And the bright Order burſts to perfect day:
The myſtic round, begirt with bolder peers,
On virtue's baſe it's reſcued glory rears;
Sees civil proweſs mightier acts atchieve,
Sees meek humanity diſtreſs relieve;
Adopts the Worth that bids the conflict ceaſe,
And claims it's honours from the Chiefs of Peace.

THOMAS WARTON, M. A.
FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE,
PROFESSOR OF POETRY.